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## SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

BIOGRAPHY—	PAGE
Warburton's Memoirs of Prince Rupert .....	239
Autobiography of Chateaubriand .....	240
Memoirs of Francis Horner .....	240
PHILOSOPHY—	
On Man's Power over himself to Prevent or Control Insanity .....	240
SCIENCE—	
Thomson's Introduction to Meteorology .....	241
VOYAGES AND TRAVELS—	
A Residence in Sierra Leone .....	243
Werne's Expedition to discover the Source of the White Nile .....	200
NATURAL HISTORY—	
Knox's Ornithological Rambles .....	246
FICTION—	
Harley Beckford .....	248
Ainsworth's Crichon .....	249
The Works of G. P. R. James, Esq. ....	249
D'Israeli's Coningsby .....	249
Topffer's Tales and Sketches .....	249
O'Hara's Father Connell .....	250
Bremer's H. Family .....	250
POETRY—	
Herbert's Temple .....	250
RELIGION—	
Blakey's Temporal Benefits of Christianity .....	250
Harris's Man Primeval .....	251
EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.....	252
MUSIC.....	253
MISCELLANEOUS—	
Halliwel's Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales.....	253
National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge .....	253
SMALL FRY OF LITERATURE .....	254
ART—	
The Seven Lamps of Architecture .....	254
The Antiquarian Etching Club .....	255
Exhibition of the Royal Academy .....	255
Talk of the Studios .....	256
ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.....	256
THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.....	256
METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY .....	257
NECROLOGY—	
Mr. Vernon .....	257
Miss Edgeworth .....	257
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—	
Gossip of the Literary World .....	258
BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS .....	258
BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.....	258
ADVERTISEMENTS.....	237, 238, 258, 259, 260

## BIOGRAPHY.

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## Who was Prince RUPERT?

He was the son of the Elector Palatine, for a short period King of Bohemia, by ELIZABETH, daughter of our JAMES the First. He was early initiated into the horrors of war. While yet an infant he was in the battle of Prague, accompanying his parents, who fled from the field, leaving him behind them upon the ground, where he was discovered sleeping by Baron D'Hona, the King's Chamberlain, who threw him into the boot of a carriage, where his cries attracted attention, and he was ultimately restored to his mother.

His training was in the school of adversity. His royal parents endured severe poverty; so much so, that at sixteen he entered the service of the Prince of Orange as a volunteer, "rejecting all distinctions of his rank, discharging all the duties and sharing all the hardships of the private soldier." Soon afterwards, in the year 1678, he concerted a Quixotic expedition to recover the Palatinate, but was defeated and taken prisoner, and was confined in the Castle of Lintz for three years, only procuring his liberation at last through the mediation of CHARLES the First. He then visited England, found it in insurrection, and immediately offered his sword to his uncle, by whom it was gladly accepted. His proceedings, his bravery, his successes and his defeats, are recorded in English history. When the cause of royalty became hopeless, he quitted England and joined the army of France, then engaged in war with Spain. After that he turned pirate, roving the seas under pretence of a commission from the Prince of Wales, capturing and plundering such small craft as he could conquer with a small fleet of adventurers as reckless as himself, and he returned in 1653 with considerable booty, but with the loss of his brother, Prince MAURICE, who had been drowned in a storm.

His career from that period till the Restoration is somewhat obscure and uncertain, but his life was passed in going about wherever there was war and a soldier was needed,—a sort of genteel mercenary,—and the intervals of peace he spent more respectably, if not more profitably, in the pursuits of science and especially in the perfecting of the process of mezzotint, of which he was the inventor. On the restoration of CHARLES the Second he received from the English Government a pension of £1,500 per annum, upon which and an estate which came to him in Germany he lived in ease and tranquillity. He never married, but he left two natural children whom he recognized and educated, and a daughter to whom he was much attached and gave a great portion of his property. She married General HOWE and her descendants are the family of Sir ROBERT BROMLEY.

Mr. WARBURTON thus states the manner in which the documents were obtained from which these volumes are constructed:

This collection is derived from Colonel Benett, Prince Rupert's secretary. It contains upwards of a thousand letters, written by the leading Cavaliers to their young chief during the war, together with many of a later date. Besides such letters, there are considerable materials, in various stages of preparation, for a formal biography of the Prince: of these some are fragments, each containing an episode of their hero's life, apparently ready for publication, and corrected by Rupert himself. His biography was of more importance to this prince than to most men: no person, perhaps, except his royal master, was ever more exposed to calumny, or less defended. He seems to have superintended the preparation of his memoirs about the year 1657, in order to meet the miscon-

structions of his actions which he apprehended in England, the country of his adoption. On the Restoration he found that his popularity was already restored, in the same hour with that of his royal kinsman; and from this time the preparations for his biography appear to have ceased.

These materials have been handled by Mr. WARBURTON with consummate skill. He has not only shown great judgment in the selecting from the mass such as were really material, but he has put them together so artistically that they have all the fluency and spirit of an original narrative. It is a vivid history of the Civil War, as well as a portrait of its royalist hero, and a sketch of the characters grouped around him. Extracts will best prove this, and we will not therefore longer delay them from our readers by commentary.

## PORTRAIT OF PRINCE RUPERT.

Prince Rupert was now nearly twenty-three. His portraits present to us the ideal of a gallant cavalier. His figure, tall, vigorous, and symmetrical, would have been somewhat stately, but for its graceful bearing and noble ease. A vehement, yet firm, character predominates in the countenance, combined with a certain gentleness, apparent only in the thoughtful, but not pensive, eyes. Large, dark, and well-formed eyebrows overarch a highbred, Norman nose; the upper lip is finely cut, but somewhat supercilious in expression; the lower part of the mouth and chin have a very different meaning, and impart a tone of iron resolution to the whole countenance. Long flowing hair (through which doubtless, curled the romantic "love lock") flowed over the wide embroidered collar, or the scarlet cloak; he wore neither beard nor moustaches, then almost universal; and his cheek, though bronzed by exposure, was marked by a womanly dimple. On the whole, our Cavalier must have presented an appearance as attractive in a lady's eye, and as unlovely in a Puritan's, as Vandyke ever immortalized. Such was the aspect of the young Palatine, who won for himself a name so renowned in the tradition of our Civil Wars, yet so uncertain in their history. He is now riding side by side with his royal kinsman to Nottingham, on the way to the opening scene of the great tragedy. By the aid of old writings, and still more by the aid of old prints and pictures, we may bring the group of warlike travellers before our eyes, and behold the scenes they saw. A strong wind was sweeping over the wide valley of the Trent, then unenclosed by fences, and only marked at wide intervals by some low, strong farm-houses, with innumerable gables. In the distance, boldly relieved against the stormy sky, rose the stern old castle of Nottingham; a flag-staff, as yet innocent of the fatal standard, was visible on its highest tower. Long peace and security had invested the country round with a very different aspect from that which Rupert had lately seen in Germany. A prosperous peasantry were gathering in a plentiful harvest: there were no symptoms anywhere of the approaching war, until the royal cavalcade passed by. The greater part of the Prince's cavalry was there, endeavouring to make an imposing appearance; but they were scantily furnished with the basnet (or steel cap) and the back and breast plate, over leathern doublet, that then formed the essential harness of a trooper; for arms, they had nothing but their swords. The equipment of their king and their young general was almost as simple: the plumed hat of the time was only laid aside on the day of battle, and not always then, by the reckless Rupert: a short cloak (the Prince's was of scarlet cloth) and large cavalry boots almost enveloped the remainder of the person: a slender train of heralds and pursuivants, and some gentlemen-at-arms, complete the cavalcade. Such was the royal progress to the head-quarters of the Cavaliers.

Never had the King's destiny appeared so dark.

## Let us now view

## THE PRINCE IN ACTION.

For the Prince flew like wildfire—as Parliament writers affirmed—from place to place; breathing and inspiring ardour, astonishing country gentlemen, and giving a momentum to corporate bodies, incredible till then. Restrained by no local influence or patriotic misgivings, he only saw in the anti-royalist a foe: wherever

he found a Roundhead horse, he clapped a cavalier-trooper on its back; and with equal decision, when he dashed into a Puritan town, he levied a contribution. The good people who had been quietly debating about abstract rights and wrongs, were taken by surprise at these practical acts. Now here, now there, a gallant troop of Cavaliers would come cantering up, swaggering, and, I fear, swearing not a little, but comporting themselves in a good-humoured off-hand sort of way, that gave less offence than injury, especially to the women. Now some peaceful village had to furnish a day's creature-comforts for a squadron of those merry "malignants," and now some respectable assize-town was called upon to pay them for a week. Saddles too, for their horses, were very often required; spurs for their boots, feathers for their hats; iron for armour, cloth for doublets; it was wonderful how much they wanted, and how much they got. Throughout the wide north and west no place was secure from their visitation; reckless of danger and setting all odds at defiance, their merry foraging parties seemed indeed to make a game of war. The fiery and impetuous daring of Prince Rupert, his perfect indifference to danger, moral and physical; his fertility of resource, his promptitude and zeal for the cause, had endeared him to the young Cavalier; while the old soldiers respected his experience in havoc, and knew that his terrible *prestige* was well-founded. Wherever the flutter of a cavalier scarf was seen, Prince Rupert was there, or believed to be there: by his name contributions were levied at the unscrupulous will of the trooper; by his name villages were conquered and cities menaced and children stilled. And, in truth, he was seldom far off or over-indulgent when he came: his sleepless vigour, his untiring energy, were everywhere felt, dreaded, and admired. With such a leader, and in such a time, his forces rapidly increased. He rode forth from Leicester on the 26th of August, at the head of eight hundred horse, ill-equipped and almost undisciplined; he paraded at Shrewsbury, on the 28th of September, with upwards of three thousand troopers and dragoons, well-fed, well-horsed, and laden with Puritan plunder and execrations.

Personal bravery was his characteristic from his earliest years. Here is an anecdote of

#### PRINCE RUPERT'S BOYHOOD.

Prince Maurice accompanied Rupert, and, with a love that was constant to his death, shared all his dangers and exploits. They found several Englishmen of future note in our own wars serving there: Monk, Astley, Goring, and many others. The siege was being pressed with vigour; the defenders were resolute. Rupert revelled in dangers as in a delightful excitement, rushing into every breach that was attempted, and forward in every forlorn hope: even whilst others rested he was restlessly and pertinaciously hovering round the doomed city. One night there was a pause in the almost perpetual conflict; the soldiers of attack and defence both rested their wearied limbs, the besiegers in deep sleep. Rupert's watchful ear detected some sounds within the walls, now plainly audible, and now so faint that he feared to give what might have proved a false alarm. He awakened his brother Maurice, who likewise heard some doubtful sounds rising from among the red gables of the old leagured town. The brothers moved away through the mist, and crept up the glacis so silently and so near the enemy that they could detect the forming of troops for a sortie and even their appointed destination. Retiring to their own camp as silently as they had left it, they hastened to Prince Frederic's quarters, and before the enemy had crossed their drawbridge the Hollanders were drawn up in battle order to receive them.

Soon after this, the Prince of Orange resolved to attack a hornwork which commanded the town and its approaches. Monk, who served as lieutenant to Goring, was to lead the attack, which was expected to be a desperate service: for this reason, and for his mother's sake, the Prince of Orange appointed Rupert to attend him, in order to keep him from temptation; the Prince, however, having given the word to advance, Rupert anticipated the aid-de-camp, flew to the storming party, delivered the order, and flinging himself from his horse, rushed forward with the foremost to the assault. The fort was carried, after desperate fighting, Wilmot and Goring were wounded, and many of their brave countrymen slain. The surviving officers flung themselves down to rest upon a rampart, while the soldiers stripped the

slain who lay piled around them. Suddenly up started one of the apparent corpses, naked as the spoilers had left him, and exclaimed, "Messieurs, est-il point de quartier ici?" whereupon they laughed heartily, and took him to the camp; and he "bore the name of Falstaff to his dying day."

#### An anecdote of

##### THE PRINCE IN PRISON.

There was some delay in the Prince's delivery from his prison: it was stipulated that he should never fight against Ferdinand; and to this he demurred, as considerably narrowing his field of future action, seeing that almost all Europe was opposed to the Empire. However, Charles, when referred to, insisted that the promise should be given; and so at length it was. Colonel Leslie cannily desired to have this promise in writing, and the Prince indignantly agreed: "but," said he, "if it is to be a lawyer's business, let them look well to the wording." Whereupon they preferred his parole, and he gave his hand upon it to the Emperor.

#### By way of variety let us peep at

##### THE PRINCE IN RETIREMENT.

It was during this lull in the stormy life of Rupert that he discovered or improved upon his art of mezzotinto. So long ago as 1637, when immured in the Castle of Lintz, he had exercised his active genius in some etchings that still remain, and bear that date. He now returned, in his voluntary retirement, to the objects that had then charmed his enforced leisure. His varied biography presents no more striking period than this when his name was hidden from the world that had been busied with it for so many years. The plumed helmet, the cuirass, and gallant war-horse are laid aside; the good sword that so often hewed his fearless way through fiercest danger hangs idly on the wall; the stout ship that so long stemmed the storm, and explored strange seas, lies rotting on the banks of Loire. The beauties of Paris are forgotten, calumny itself is silent. The young philosopher royal, warlike, and renowned, has retired from the world, and adopted the student's bravely ascetic life; the same energies that once led legions along the battle-field, and fleets across the ocean are now devoted to the discoveries of science and the creations of art.

Among the former, the Prince turned his first attention to those that related to his own profession—of arms. He laboured heartily at his own forge, and applied himself to the practical as well as the theoretical details of science. The writer of his funeral ode, which is quoted in the first chapter of this work, describes him as forging "the thunderbolts of war, his hands so well could throw." The Transactions of the Royal Society record his mode of fabricating a gunpowder of ten times the ordinary strength at that time used; likewise a mode of blowing up rocks in mines or under water, "an instrument to cast platforms into prospective, an hydraulic engine, a mode of making hail-shot, an improvement in the naval quadrant. Amongst his mechanical labours are also to be reckoned his improvement in the locks of fire-arms, and his guns for discharging several bullets very rapidly. Amongst his chemical discoveries, were the composition now called Prince's metal, and a mode of rendering black lead fusible, and rechanging it into its original state. Perhaps to him is also to be attributed the toy that bears his name as "Rupert's drop; that curious bubble of glass which has long amused children and puzzled philosophers."

This philosophical puzzle was introduced by Rupert into England in 1660, and communicated by Charles II. to the Royal Society at Gresham College. It was so well known when "Hudibras" was written as to be used in popular illustration. In part ii. canto 2, we have—

"Honour is like that glassy bubble  
That finds philosophers such trouble,  
Whose least part crack'd the whole does fly,  
And wits are crack'd to find out why."

This bubble is in form somewhat pear-shaped, or like a leech; it is formed by dropping highly-refined green glass, when melted, into cold water. Its thick end is so hard that it can scarcely be broken on an anvil, but if the smallest particle of its taper end is broken off, the whole flies at once into atoms and disappears. The theory of this phenomenon is, that its particles when in fusion are in a state of repulsion, but on being dropped into the water its superficies is annealed, and the particles return into the power of each other's

attraction; the inner particles, still in a state of repulsion, being confined within their outward covering. *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. xvi. p. 175, &c. Though simple in structure, these drops are difficult to make: they are, however, sold cheaply at 31, Fleet Street. Prince Rupert also discovered a method of boring guns, which was afterwards carried into execution in Romney Marsh by a speculator; but some secret contrivance of annealing the metal was not understood, except by the Prince, and the matter died with him. The mode of tempering the Kirby fish-hooks was amongst his lesser discoveries.

#### We conclude with a couple of

##### ANECDOTES OF THE PRINCE.

Being at La Basse, [Marshal] Gassion invites the Prince one day to take the air, and his Highness was pleased to bear him company; but his business, it seems, was to carry him to Eysters, to talk with bailiff about oats and hay and other country affairs. He took some fourscore horse of the guards along with him. This being taken notice of by a certain boor, the fellow ran presently to Armentiers and fetched a party of about one hundred firelocks to try to intercept them in their return. As they came back, the Prince discovered a dog sitting upon his breech, with his face towards the wood, whereupon his highness gave Sir William Reeves, who was then his page, his cloak, and riding through the party up to Gassion, who was about forty yards in the head of them, with some officers about him, "Have a care, sir," says the Prince, "there is a party in the wood." The word was no sooner spoken but they had a salvo from the enemy's ambush both before and behind, so that they were forced to break through the fire. Sir William Reeves, with some others, being taken prisoner, the governor of Armentiers very civilly returned him again. So soon as they had broken through, Gassion faced about towards the enemy: "Mort Dieu," says he, "il faut rompre le col à ces coquins là—let us break the necks of these rogues," and then taking his foot out of the stirrup, "piéd à terre," says he. The Prince with some few officers understood that he was alighting, and that the whole party should do the like, and so fall in upon the ambush with sword and pistol. The Prince and some officers dismounted; but Gassion in the mean time, marched away with the horses, the enemy following his Highness, and the officers with him, on foot. His Highness here received a shot in the head; from whence he returned to La Basse, and so to Bethune to be cured; from whence, after his recovery, his Highness went into France, where he passed his next winter, with as much satisfaction as the tenderness he felt for the state of his Royal uncle's affairs would permit.

It must not be omitted that Gassion, staying for the Prince after he had received his wound, his Highness recovered the party; and as they were upon their march, "Monsieur," says Gassion to the Prince, "je suis bien fascié que vous estes blessé,—sir, it troubles me that you are wounded." "Et moi aussi," says the Prince; "and truly so does it me too." After this Gassion went to besiege Lens, where he was killed by a musket-shot in the head.

*An Autobiography.* By CHATEAUBRIAND. Vol. 2. London: Simms and Co. 1849.

This is the new volume of the *Parlour Library of Instruction*. The translation is good, and as it is sold for a shilling, we presume that it will be bought by all our readers—at least by so many of them that we should not be justified in occupying our columns with extracts, or analysis. It will suffice to place the publication upon record in this journal of literature as a part of the book intelligence of the time.

*Memoirs of Francis Horner.* Part 2. Chambers. THE completion of the cheap reprint noticed in a former number.

#### PHILOSOPHY.

*On Man's Power over Himself to Prevent or Control Insanity.* London: W. Pickering. 1849.

HAPPILY the spirit of the age is tending more and more towards the development and realization of the great truth of the superiority



of mind over body. The materialism of the last century is rapidly passing away like mists before the sunshine. Yet much remains to be done, and ever will,—for the human soul is doubtless capable of an advance of which we know not the limits. Such is the excellent philosophy of the Author of the work before us, and while he points upwards to an endless development of mentality, he practically engages our attention to one of the most important subjects which can occupy man's thoughts, namely, the power to prevent or control insanity. He proves "that even under this heaviest of earthly visitations, man is not left hopelessly to his fate, but possesses in himself a force capable of controlling, and even vanquishing, the delusions of the senses, and the morbid action of the brain."

He shows that it is scarcely possible for an habitually well-regulated mind to become subject to insanity. Such a person might suffer from structural disease, or, in other words, mental derangement, but, according to Dr. CONOLLY "the affection of the brain which causes these delusions, is not madness, but the want of power, or resolution to examine them, is." It is a well-known fact, that the same violent emotions, such as fear and fright, which sometimes cause insanity, are capable of controlling the maniac. The voice, or even the eye, of the keeper, has generally power to subdue the wildest ravings of the lunatic. If, then, an external, why may not an internal, power have the same effect? Undoubtedly the mind of man does possess that power. The difficulty is only in the exercise of its capabilities.

Unfortunately it is not at the moment when this greatest of all efforts is required that the moral force to make it can be gained; the child must have been trained to self-discipline; the brain must have been made flexible and habitually obedient to the dictates of the rational will, ere it can be depended on as able to resist the inroads of disappointed hopes, the delusions of the senses, or the shocks to which all are at times liable. It is well known that minds so trained are not found among the inmates of lunatic asylums: and why?—Are they less subject than others to the ills of life?—No: but they have learned how to bear them. The wild whirl of passion, which unsettles the brain of the ungoverned man, has no place in the mind of the Christian philosopher.

In another part of the book, we notice some excellent remarks on education in different classes of society.

The poor and the uneducated are the classes which usually suffer from the inefficiency of the intellectual force: it is among the higher ranks usually that its misdirection is a source of insanity.

His reasons for the latter opinion are:

That the organs of mechanical memory are strengthened, nay, even strained, by the habit of learning, much by rote, while the constant supply of learning, readily made, leaves no necessity for the more laborious processes of reasoning and comparison. . . . When the mind is thus exercised in remembering the opinions of others, thus unaccustomed accurately to examine its own, what wonder is it if it should become prepossessed with some irrational notion which cannot be removed by reasoning, because the individual man in his healthiest state had never chosen so to exercise his mind. . . . It is a melancholy fact that a great number of mankind depend far more on the accident of good health than the exertion of their own intellectual power, for their sanity.

Our Author enlarges somewhat on the errors of modern education, but we must refer our readers to the work itself, which well deserves the attentive perusal of all parents who are anxious for the future welfare of their

children. He says much, too, on the power of the human will, exemplifying the poet's words:

Nothing can  
Quench the mind, if the mind will be itself,  
And centre of surrounding things—'tis made  
To sway.

Or, as another poet has said

To her side  
Summon that strong divinity of soul  
Which conquers chance and fate.

Even in cases of *instinctive madness*, as Dr. PRICHARD terms it,

It depends on the resolution of the person so affected whether the morbid sensations shall be meditated on and indulged, and thus acquire fresh force, or whether, by exciting other sensations, it shall be weakened and by degrees vanquished.

In the constitution, and for the well-being, of man, nothing seems more important than the just equilibrium of the physical, mental and moral powers. If either of these constituent parts are unduly exercised, or wrongly neglected, a derangement of mind or a weakness of character ensues. It is for want of this balance that we constantly find people of great physical energy deficient in moral courage, or persons of high intellect incapable of bodily activity. The object of self-management should be, to leave no faculty unexercised. There is no fear of taxing the mind too much, nor any danger that mental employment, properly directed, will induce madness, for, as our Author observes, "nothing is more rare than to find a mad mathematician," but, as our great bard says, "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, are of imagination all compact," for true it is that poets and painters who give themselves up to flights of fancy, and suffer their imaginations to control their reason, are constantly found the inmates of lunatic asylums.

However, the subject is too extensive for us to enter on, but we strongly recommend all persons to read this admirable treatise for themselves. It is a matter in which every individual is interested, and the importance of the subject demands general attention. The work itself is at once scientific yet simple—copious in facts, yet perspicuous in style—most truly reasonable, and quite conclusive.

#### SCIENCE.

*Introduction to Meteorology.* By DAVID PURDIE THOMSON, M.D. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons. 1849.

FICKLE as the weather appears to be, capricious in its changes and baffling to the would-be prophets, it is nevertheless certain that it observes laws as stable and constant as those that govern all other natural phenomena.

If we measure by the results, it would seem that science has yet made very little progress towards the discovery of those laws, for, with all our boasted progress we are scarcely more skilled than were our ancestors in prognosticating cloud and sunshine. But it would be a mistake to conclude that nothing has been done by the researches of science, or that Meteorology is now the impenetrable mystery that it was formerly. We have learned by observation many of the general laws that govern the condition of the atmosphere, and at least the outlines of a substantial science have been framed by the labour of a succession of minds, of whom Dr. THOMSON is the latest. The reason why more has not been effected in the way of practical application of the knowledge that has been acquired, is one which makes it doubtful whether we shall ever make

any considerable advance in that direction; namely, the almost countless number of disturbing forces, each one of which must be taken into the calculation before results can be predicated.

A volume containing upwards of 500 pages devoted to the science of Meteorology and in which there is not a superfluous word, so closely does the author adhere to his subject, is the best proof that a great deal has been ascertained in the way of facts, and a glance at the table of contents will show that these facts have been reduced to the form of a science, and the only difficulty we feel in noticing it, is to determine how to deal with so much that is interesting, instructive, and new, within the limited space of a literary journal. It is rather a theme for a quarterly review, and we cannot pretend to do more than describe Dr. THOMSON'S plan and offer some specimens of the manner of his execution of it.

He commences with a succinct astronomical and geographical description of the earth, as having a material influence upon Meteorology, which he defines as "the science that acquaints us with the various phenomena of the atmosphere." A sketch of its history is then given, and from that he turns to the examination of the atmosphere, its composition, its form, its weight, its height, its movements. From this he passes to the solar beams and their effects in modifying the condition of that atmosphere. He next describes in a very intelligible manner the isothermal lines, by which the globe is divided into various distinct botanical regions; the effects of extreme cold and heat are stated; and then he traces the influences on climate of the ocean and of continents.

Light is next treated of in its relation to the atmosphere; then evaporation, latent heat and moisture, and the whole science of its hygro-metric condition. Dew, the hoar frost, fogs, mists, frost smoke, clouds, rain, hail, snow, ice, sleet, glaciers, the rainbow, solar and lunar halos, meteors, parhelia, the mirage, the fata morgana, lightning, fire balls, the aurora borealis, the ignis fatuus, winds, whirlwinds, the tornado, hurricanes, and the law of storms are described in succession, with other lesser atmospheric phenomena, and not only are their causes and effects minutely and clearly pointed out, but of each Dr. THOMSON collects all the most remarkable cases upon record, so that his volume is not merely the formal statement of a science, but a storehouse of facts peculiarly calculated to attract and interest readers of all ages and tastes, to whom the wonderful works of nature are ever pleasing beyond aught that imagination can fashion. He devotes the last chapter to the subject of weather-wisdom, pointing out the indications from which, according to long experience, sanctioned by reason, the safest prognostications of the weather may be drawn. At the same time he takes care to impress upon the reader that these are only approaches to truth—calculations of probabilities and nothing more.

Such is a rude and brief outline of the multifarious contents of this volume. It will suffice to enable the reader to form some judgment of its value, but we must at the same time advise him that our list is extremely imperfect, and that he will find many more matters treated with no less care than those we have named above, and consequently it will be found to be peculiarly adapted for a book-club circulation, such societies usually preferring works that have a permanent value, while they are yet sufficiently popular in their treatment to be of present interest in perusal.

Our illustrative extracts will be taken from different parts of the volume where passages offer adapted for severance from their context, and calculated by themselves to please and inform our readers.

The influence of the ocean and of continents upon climate is thus described:

#### CAUSES OF HEAT AND COLD.

The proximity of the ocean exerts a powerful influence in diminishing the rigour of the northern regions, and mitigating the heat of the tropical climes. In explanation, let it be premised, that the temperature of the ocean is uniform over a vast surface, and that changes do not suddenly take place; also, that from the great mass of water, local causes produce comparatively insignificant general alterations. Thus the cold winds which sweep over its surface in the temperate and frigid zones, are elevated in temperature before they reach the land. This arises from their communicating a partial chill to the particles of water upon the surface of the ocean which immediately descend, their places being supplied by others, warmer and of less specific gravity, thus establishing a current of heated particles upwards during the continuance of the wind. But this explanation, it may be said, does not account for the influence of the ocean in moderating the heat of the tropics. There, however, other causes tend to this result. If the temperature of the day be high, the cold produced by evaporation during the night is such that ice may be produced, and the thermometer sinks even in India to nearly zero, although a few hours before the air was oppressively hot, about 90° F. becoming latent during the evaporation. Again, the trade winds, and in the North Atlantic the gulf-stream, are always exerting their heat-depressing influences upon the tropics. Thus it is, that an island enjoys a more equable temperature than a continent within the same parallel. Thus it is, that the temperatures of Edinburgh and Moscow are so dissimilar, and also those of Dublin and Labrador, of London and Prague. For a similar reason, the mouth of the St. Lawrence is annually frozen, while the freezing of the Thames at London is an occurrence so rare as to become an historical fact. We have selected illustrations from nearly the same parallels of latitude.

Let us now consider the influence upon temperature of a wide-spreading continent unbroken by the sea. A wind sweeping over such a surface in summer, has its temperature raised by terrestrial radiation, while it reciprocates caloric to the ground; and thus it increases in temperature as it blows. The reverse occurs in winter. Radiation is then small; the ground is cooled to a low degree, and it abstracts caloric from the passing wind. If the wind shall have traversed a scorched desert, its baneful influence will not be more powerful than that of the wind which shall have swept the snow-clad summit of an alpine range: before both, nature languishes, and the withered leaf rustling in the blast, sings its melancholy dirge. Italy, protected by the wide Mediterranean, enjoys perhaps the finest European climate; while Pekin, which is nearly in the same parallel, suffers alternations of heat and cold between widely separated extremes. At Rome, while the temperature of the warmest month is 77°, and that of the coldest 42°, at Pekin the thermometer oscillates between 84° F. and 24° F. Woods, by excluding the solar rays, and sheltering the winter's snow, produce a greater cold than the latitude in which they grow would have led one to expect.

The following are the recorded instances of  
GREAT FROSTS.

The following instances of European frosts are among the most remarkable of those recorded:—The freezing of the Black Sea is referred to by Ovid,—"ingentem glacie consistere pontum;" and in the year 401, it was frozen over for twenty days. From October 763 till February 764, a frost continued at Constantinople; both the Euxine and Propontis were frozen 100 miles from shore. In the year 860, the Rhone was frozen. On midsummer-day in 1035, the frost was so severe in England, that fruits were destroyed. In 1063, the Thames was frozen for fourteen weeks. In the years 1149, 1263, and 1269, it was again frozen. In 1294 and 1323, the Baltic was frozen. In the year 1334, a frost of two months and twenty days' duration froze the rivers of Italy and Provence. In 1402, the Baltic was

again frozen. From November 24, 1413, to February 10, 1414, the Thames was frozen to Gravesend. In 1426 and 1460, the Baltic was locked in ice. In 1507, the harbour of Marseilles was frozen over. In 1515, carriages crossed the Thames upon the ice from Lambeth to Westminster. In 1544, and previously in 1468, wine was cut by hatchets in Flanders. In 1548, the Baltic was frozen over. In 1564, from December 21, to January 3, 1565, the Thames was covered with ice. In 1565, loaded waggons passed over the Scheldt. In 1594, the Scheldt, Rhine, and sea at Venice were frozen. In 1607, fires were kindled on the ice upon the Thames. In 1622, many European rivers, the Zuyder Sea and Hellespont were frozen. In the years 1657 and 1667, the Seine was frozen. In 1658, the Baltic was frozen over, and Charles X. led his whole army across from Holstein to Denmark. In 1683-84, the Thames was frozen eleven inches deep. In 1708, the ice was twenty-seven inches thick in the harbour of Copenhagen, and in April 1709, people passed on the ice between Schonen and Denmark; both at Genoa and Leghorn the sea was frozen. From Nov. 24, 1716 to Feb. 9, 1717, the Thames was again frozen; fairs were held and oxen roasted. In 1740, it was again covered with ice, and festivities held. In 1783, frost was observed in June. In 1788-89, the Thames was passable on the ice opposite the Custom House, from November to January. In 1794-95, Pichegru's army was encamped upon the ice in Holland. In 1813-14, the Thames was again frozen, and booths were erected on the ice; the frost was intense in Ireland. In 1823, that river was once more locked in ice. Arago has collected observation on the freezing of the great European rivers,—the Rhine, Danube, Rhone, Seine, Po, and others,—to show that the cold of modern times has not been in general more intense than in ancient days.

It is remarked that in those localities where the number of rainy days is greatest, it generally happens that the amount of rain is least. It rains yearly during sixty-four days at Rome, and one hundred and twenty at Padua. The average number of days without rain in London is two hundred and twenty, and in Dublin one hundred and fifty. The number of days of heavy rain is from sixteen to thirty in London, and from eighteen to thirty-two in Dublin.

We conclude with some of Dr. THOMSON'S

#### PROGNOSTICATIONS OF WEATHER.

*From Mists.*—If seen rising towards evening from a stream or meadow, heat next day is indicated,—but should they continue to arise, rain will follow. If the mist appears before sunrise about full moon, fair weather for several days may be expected: mists gathering around the mountain-top indicate approaching rain. Mists in autumn are often succeeded by wet weather; those of spring are seldom followed by rain.

*From the Wind.*—If it whistles or howls, or veers much about, rain will follow,—if it rains before sunrise, it may go off before afternoon, but if it comes on after the sun has risen, it is likely to continue. A heavy shower after a high wind has begun to blow, indicates an approaching calm.

In connexion with the prognostications from winds, we would give a summary of the effects produced by variable winds upon the pressure, temperature, elastic tension, and humidity of our atmosphere, as observed by Kämtz and Dove. The barometer falls under E., S.E., and S. winds—changes to ascent with S.W.—rises with W., N.W., and N. winds—and begins to descend with those which are N.E. The thermometer rises under E., S.E., and S.—begins to fall under S.W.—falls with W., N.W., and N.—and changes to ascent with N.E. winds. The elasticity of aqueous vapour increases with E., S.E., and S.—changes to decrease with S.W.—decreases with W., N.E., and N.—and changes to increase by N.E. winds. Humidity decreases relatively from the W., passing by N. to E.—and increases, on the contrary, from E., by S. to W.

The Vegetable kingdom affords many valuable indications, dependent probably upon the electric tension of the air increasing the susceptibility of the plant. In the British Flora the following plants contract the corolla on the approach of rain: *Anagallis arvensis*,—scarlet pimpernel; *Convolvulus arvensis*,—sepium,—

bindweed; *Arenaria rubra*,—red sandwort; *Veronica chamaedrys*,—speedwell; *Stellaria media*,—stitchwort; *Tragopogon pratensis*,—goat's beard, often called "go-to-bed-at-noon," from its closing its petals at mid-day; *Exacum*, or gentianella.

*From the Animal Kingdom.*—If birds of passage appear or disappear unusually late or early, the coming seasons will be mild or rigorous accordingly. A storm is foretold when sea-fowls make for land and fishes seek deep water: the *weet weet* of the petrel is heard, and the bird skims the waves. Rain is indicated by land-birds becoming noisy, restless, or seeking their roosts—flocks of rooks and crows suddenly disappearing—single magpies gathering food—swallows flying low—untimely cock-crowing and clapping of wings—the early note of several small birds. It is foreboded when moles are active—cats wash their faces—dogs scrape the earth—asses bray—oxen snuff the air—domestic animals restless and violently gamboling—by rats and mice becoming unusually active—spiders disappearing or falling from their webs—earthworms coming to the surface—bees hastening home—ants keeping their nests—flies dull—frogs and toads croaking and approaching houses—the leech creeping to the top of the water bottle. Fair weather is indicated by sea-birds leaving land—kites and swallows making lofty flights—the song of birds loud, clear, and joyful—bats appearing early in the evening—guats playing in the sunbeam—spiders active—glow-worms shining upon the banks—the leech reposing motionless at the bottom of the water. Wind is indicated by the wild geese gathering in flocks and flying high—water-fowls sporting at the water-side, especially in the morning—rooks unusually active—the king-fisher making for land—the leech restless. The extreme sensibility of birds to hygrometric changes has been ascribed to the expansion and contraction of their quills under the influence of moisture. It will be remembered that Chiminello constructed a hygrometer, many years ago, with the barrel of a quill. The *actinias* or sea-anemones, have sometimes been termed animal barometers, from their susceptibility of atmospheric impressions.

The following anecdote, which not only illustrates the prognosticating powers of the spider, but is fraught with a moral lesson, will be excused. That despised creature once encouraged the heart of a Scottish monarch—Robert the Bruce,—and urged him on to victory; at another time it preserved an army from retreat, if not from utter ruin. Quatremer Disjonval, seeking to beguile the tedium of confinement within the prison-walls of Utrecht, had studied attentively the habits of the spider, and eight years' observation had rendered him an adept. It was in December 1794, that the French army was encamped in Holland. They were advancing on the ice "almost in a state of nudity, marching in shoes whereof the upper leather was all that remained," and victory seemed declared for the Eagle of the Republic, if the frost which was of unprecedented severity continued. The Dutch envoys had failed to negotiate a truce with Pichegru. Unexpectedly it thawed—the Dutch were about to triumph, and the French generals were seriously meditating the withdrawal of the troops, which seemed the only hope of their returning home in safety. Disjonval looked forward to the issue with hopes and fears—he sighed for freedom; but his prospects seemed for a moment blasted. The spider forewarned him that the change was to be of short duration, and he knew by past experience that it did not deceive. He hastened to communicate with the army of his country, and with difficulty was successful. He pledged himself that before a fortnight's sun had set, the waters would be again hardened, and sufficient time would be given for the completion of the war. Pichegru listened and believed. Within twelve days the frost returned; on the 16th of January 1795, the cavalry entered Amsterdam, and on the 28th, the prison-doors of Utrecht were opened to the adjutant. Thus did a tiny spider seal the destiny of Holland!

*From inanimate bodies.*—Rain is indicated by music-strings breaking, canvass relaxing, wood swelling, soot tumbling down the chimney, pools seeming muddy, bells heard at a great distance—providing the weather is not frosty, or the sound collected in the focus of a sail,—and by various saline minerals moistening. In the Polish mines of Vichizka, near Cracow, a large block of rock-salt, called Lot's Wife, indicates to the miners the hygrometric condition of the atmosphere above. Pro-



bably it is to the presence of the same mineral, that a stone in the north of Finland owes its hygrometric qualities. When the weather is fair, this stone appears covered with white specks, but when rain approaches, these disappearing, it assumes a dark-grey colour. Wind is indicated by an agitation of leaves more than usually great, flame flickering, and the sea calm with a murmuring noise. A long-continued swell announces a gale,—

"For ere the rising winds begin to roar,  
The working seas advance to wash the shore."  
DRYDEN'S *Virgil*.

A thaw is indicated when snow descends in large flakes with a southerly wind, and when the general indications of rain are presented; *thunder*, when the atmosphere is sultry and the ground much cracked.

The classical reader need not be reminded of the verses of Virgil or Thompson. From the prognostications given, changes may be generally foretold a few hours previous to the mutation; but to determine a year, or even a month, or a week in advance, is impossible. "Never," says Arago, "whatever may be the progress of the sciences, will the *savant* who is conscientious and careful of his reputation, speculate on a prediction of the weather." Once more to quote the eloquent words of a veteran in the pursuit of science, and in the discovery of its truths.—Sir David Brewster;—"In the very atmosphere in which he lives and breathes, and the phenomena of which he daily sees and feels, and describes and measures, the philosopher stands in acknowledged ignorance of the laws which govern it. He has ascertained, indeed, its extent, its weight, and its composition; but though he has mastered the law of heat and moisture, and studied the electric agencies which influence its condition, he cannot predict or even approximate to a prediction, whether on the morrow, the sun shall shine, or the rain fall, or the wind blow, or the lightnings descend. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.'"

#### VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*A Residence at Sierra Leone, described from a Journal kept on the spot, and from Letters written to Friends at home. By a Lady. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. London: Murray.*

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We continue our notice of this very interesting volume:

#### FOREST RAMBLES.

What we stand most in need of in the way of improvements are paths, that we may walk without having to thread our way through tall grass and brushwood, at the risk of startling a snake at every step. As it was, we disturbed nothing more alarming than locusts, numbers of which were leaping about upon the leaves and amongst the grass. This particular species is elegantly marked in green, black, and yellow, with greenish transparent wings. Many of the trees as well as the bush are infested too with large red ants, that make their nests of the leaves. Clusters of these glued-up leaves, covered over with their industrious tenants, hang from every branch, disfiguring the unfortunate tree more than can be described. The waspish nature of the insects themselves deters me from making a minute examination of their houses, which seem to be very ingeniously constructed. When one of the nests receives a sharp thrust from a walking stick, the ants sally forth in great wrath, and some march determinedly up to the top of the aggressing cane, evincing their soldier-like disposition by sundry sharp bites on the hand which conducted the attack. The bite is not venomous, nor so painful as the sting of a bee, yet it is severe enough; and wo to the adventurous climber who ascends an orange-tree inhabited by these ants, for in an instant he is assailed by them in myriads! They are evidently injurious to vegetable life, as whatever tree or bush is loaded by their nests is sure to look sickly and pining. Much of the coffee appears thus, although some of it, especially near the house, is particularly luxuriant and beautiful. It is kept low like a shrub, but if, permitted, will attain a considerable height: it has a knotted and gnarled trunk,

rough white bark, and, when the tree is healthy, a bay-like leaf of a rich dark green.

I noticed on several of these white stems traces of what I am told are termites, or as the country people here call them, "bug-a-bugs;" and on others the fresh earth-covered ways, like veins on the surface of the trunk, tempted me to make an opening in one to observe the insects within, and what a commotion it excited amongst them. Instead of running away, they stop short, those who were on before turning boldly back to see what is the matter, and then, as if by some freemasonry amongst themselves, they instantly begin to repair the roof of their gallery with an order and regularity quite astonishing. They are round, fat, pearl-coloured little creatures, and either cannot see or have invisible eyes, very different in appearance from the red ant, with its angular body and two great, staring vicious-looking eyes.

Our sunset ramble was longer than usual this evening, and I felt as if I had met two old friends on coming suddenly on a quantity of ferns and another plant, or rather "bush," that is exactly like a *nettle*, except in being stingless! I looked down upon the gracefully branching foliage of the first—a stalk of which being neatly cut across showed the representation of the royal oak within—and then on the despised, familiar leaves of its coarser companion, and a vision passed before me of glad home-woods and dingles with their ferny brakes, and old grey ruins, whose roofless chambers were choked up by tall thick nettles. I looked up, and there stood the desert palms, tossing their long leaves in the fresh soft breeze that swept across the western ocean; and was amused to think that even a *momentary* charm could be thrown round so ill-favoured a weed as a *nettle*!

There are several young date and other palms dispersed over the rocky summit of the hill; but the most remarkable of all is a *talipot*. Its leaf is exactly like an enormous fan, the folds of which, separating at about four feet from the centre, taper into spiked points of perhaps four feet also in length. From these broad and singular-looking leaves, which are stiff and hard as thin wooden boards, hang long fine fibres, used as thread by the women of the interior.

We do not remember to have seen before an account of the ant noticed in the following description of

#### INSECTS IN SIERRA LEONE.

After I had wondered at this appearance for a short time, the rain came like a deluge, falling over the long eaves of the house in actual sheets of water, but did not continue violent above twenty minutes: a small drizzling rain followed, and then it entirely cleared away, leaving everything looking more fresh and green; the sun broke out with meridian splendour, and, as suddenly as the locusts did, appeared some millions of transparent-winged insects, buzzing round the tops of the orange-trees. Then what a chirping and chattering amongst all the birds on the hill, as they fluttered in the branches and wheeled in the air, darting upon and destroying myriads of these insects, some of which were large black ants with a most disagreeable odour, so powerful, that although in the inner rooms, I could instantly detect when one flew into the piazza! I often see on the fresh earth of the walks individuals of this species, but in an unwinged state, many of them more than an inch long. The blacks say these ants have rather a venomous sting, but as their peculiarly disgusting scent is increased tenfold should they unfortunately chance to be trodden upon, I am inclined to think it is also a means of defence.

Nor are they the only winged creatures that take a fancy to our sunny piazza. I do not know how many mason-wasps have built their mortared cells against its planked roof. There are numerous kinds of these wasps. One is a warlike creature fully two inches long, with a very hard head and strong hooked proboscis. It is rather richly clothed in yellow and black, and has a double sting. Another has its head and trunk separated from the rest of its body by a ligament no thicker than a horse-hair, and is rather a handsome insect, with its long slender waist, primrose-coloured legs barred with black, and dark-blue shining wings. A very large one of the latter sort makes its nest of the same substance as the common British wasp, but differently constructed, a cluster of perhaps ten to twenty hexagonal cells being

attached to a stalk made by the insect, and hung from under a broad leaf, or it may be fastened to a roof or against a wall, as are the curious earthen houses of the other bees.

Tropical storms are familiar in name, but how few have realised them to their fancies. This process will be assisted by a sketch of

#### A TORNADO.

About ten o'clock on the night of the 4th of June, I was awake by the sound of an approaching tornado; and the air becoming very chilly, as usual in these tempests, I got up for an additional coverlet; after placing the lamp in a corner quite sheltered from the wind, I had scarcely returned and taken baby on my arm, wrapping him up warmly, ere I was startled by a strange loud noise, that at once brought M—— to see what was the matter. He had hardly got to one of the windows between which my bedstead stands, and where we thought an outside shutter had burst open, when, with a sudden and reverberating crash, a mass of falling bricks rattled about my ears, the head of the bed came violently to the ground, and the tester was forced down over the mattress, leaving me in utter darkness. There was the rolling of thunder and the yet more awful sound of a mighty wind; and in that moment of terror a thousand thoughts rushed into my mind—of hurricanes, earthquakes, and lightning-struck houses. I could not tell what had happened, but although free from bodily hurt, believed that the whole house was tumbling down, and that the hour of death was come to us all. I could raise neither the infant nor myself, being literally jammed amidst broken fragments of masonry and plaster. Although it takes long to describe, this all occurred in the shortest space of time—the heavy gust of wind not lasting three minutes; while in one instant M—— had torn the curtain through, and then, almost choked by the lime and mortar which showered upon me, I was enabled, by the flickering light of the lamp, to see baby, whom I drew out as I best could and held firmly, M—— extricating me at the same time, and then hurrying us from the room. There was vivid lightning, and the rain beat against the window-panes as if it would have dashed them to atoms; but although the continued howling of the storm-wind caused me to shudder, I never before felt so intensely the full truth of that sublime expression of the Psalmist, as rendered in our Prayer-Book version, "God is the Lord by whom we escape death." We could hardly believe it possible that baby had sustained no injury whatever, beyond having his little face thickly besprinkled with the suffocating and blinding lime-dust; while not until I had put him to rights, and washed the particles of mortar from my own mouth and eyes, did I become aware that my forehead was painful and swollen. Except that trifling bruise, and another upon my hand, I also was unhurt; although that either of our lives was saved appears almost miraculous.

Although long, for its novelty and the graphic beauty of the whole picture, we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers the description of

#### THE RAINY SEASON.

The most unpleasant thing about the wet season is the impossibility of getting out *every* day to take proper exercise. Sometimes it looks so radiantly clear and sunny, you feel assured there is opportunity for at least a short quick walk, and set out accordingly. But after proceeding a few steps, you are perhaps intent upon examining a flower, or watching some bird or butterfly, feeling the sun so intensely hot, that you do not dream of rain; when a sudden sound like hailstones falling, causes you to look towards the quarter whence it proceeds, and there moves on a shower of water, so rapidly, that though you do run back with railway speed (no very comfortable pace in this climate), still, generally speaking, your dress is so thoroughly wetted as to render an immediate change imperatively necessary. If wishing to ride, it is still worse. No sooner is your horse saddled than all the clouds seem to congregate upon the hill tops, and at once disperse themselves in a deluge, of which but ten minutes before there was not the slightest appearance throughout the whole sky! Then the mornings are sometimes so cold that you feel chilly though in a winter dress,—at the same time that a blazing fire is on in the house, and every window shut;

while by-and-by the breeze dies away, dull dark clouds hang in all directions, and though the sun only shines partially, the sultriness of the atmosphere continues most oppressive for several hours; then a violent gale may come on from the sea, accompanied by heavy rain, and you feel ready to shiver, with the thermometer at 76°. It must be these sudden heats and chills that render the climate so trying.

I do not dislike the incessant rain so much as the dense damp fogs of Sierra Leone; not from the miasma they are said to bring, but from their unpleasantness. They often rise out of the ravines at either side of us, and from the plain, over which they brood for hours, looking from this height like masses of solid lead. But commonly the land-wind in the morning sends these vapours drifting over Mount Oriol; thence they pass along the hills behind and the low ground in front (dividing, as it were, to avoid our house); whirling about like the smoke of some great conflagration, and banking up in grey and heavy volumes, until they completely obscure our view of every place beyond the brow of our own hill. Occasionally they favour us with a nearer approach; then we keep all the windows shut, to exclude as much as possible the air, which is raw, damp, and chilly beyond expression, when the fog is actually on the house. It is this shutting out of air and prospect together that renders these "smokes," as they are termed by the blacks, so extremely disagreeable to me; the temperature within doors being then (notwithstanding the many crannies in the boarding of the piazzas, and air-holes left by African carpenters and masons under the eaves, and through which the damp can easily penetrate) more unbearably oppressive than I ever experienced it when the full glare of the sun was on the house. When these most extraordinary mists go out to sea, we may almost always look for rain; but if, after they have hung about for some time, giving us a peep now and then of the barrack buildings (like a huge birdcage suspended by invisible means in the air), a glimpse of the church steeple, and one or two of the tall masts of the vessels in the harbour, the vapour rises and rolls up towards the hills again, we may expect it to turn out fine and sunny, although in the depth of the rainy season.

And a fine day in the "rains" is always so much more lovely and bright than the finest day of the dry season; not because coming so seldom, and contrasted with the many dull gloomy days, but really on account of its own intrinsic beauty. There is no haze in the atmosphere,—the distant horizon—hills—shore—all seem brought near by a magic glass; the sea lies stretched out with the gleam of a sapphire, and, except for the floating here and there of one of those pure white, fleecy clouds, called in the emphatic language of Germany "Heaven's lambs," the sky realizes all the beautiful imagery wherein poets are apt to embody their ideas of the firmament's spacious and shining vault.

The sky then is *indeed* blue, the sun bright, and the earth green! Yet the woods do not present a uniform hue which would tire from its sameness. Not only do you behold every shade of green, but many of the trees put forth leaves, at first of a delicate crimson, which look like magnificent tufts of flowers, and thus give to the bush a richly variegated aspect. I have seen one young tree showing in its upper branches very nearly the hues of the rainbow,—faint red, deepening into orange and scarlet on one shoot, contrasting vividly with the pale primrose and pea-green of another, while on a third, lower down, the colours gradually blending, tinged the same leaves at once with shades of the brightest purple and darkest olive—the whole glancing in the sun like jewels.

Still, while I look on these gorgeous boughs, and mark the wisdom and benevolence of the Power who decks the face of the world, in whatever land our lot may be cast, with objects to excite our interest and wonder, do not suppose that I could for one moment prefer the glowing colours of African foliage to those tints of British autumn, which in their chastened and changing beauty convey, even to the most thoughtless mind, a solemn though silent lesson of the fading nature of all earthly glory.

Ever since the "rains" set in, the birds seem to have become tamer. Besides the dark-crested brown one and the brilliant humming-birds, we have, fluttering amongst

the orange branches of a morning, the "palm-bird" (so called from building its nest in palm-trees), a lovely creature with bright orange and black plumage, and another scarcely less elegant in form, which reminds me of the greenfinch and canary, having a light saffron-coloured head and breast, with wings and tail of yellowish-brown, beautifully glossed with green. Yet more striking in aspect than any of these is the graceful little whydahfinch, or, as it is familiarly called here from its jetty plumage, the "widow-bird." Its head and neck are far more shining and smooth than the richest velvet, and its tail-feathers, which are above twice the length of its body, seem as much as its wings to waft the bird through the air. To see this mournful-looking beauty floating from spray to spray, or lightly perching on a stalk of grass with a motion as stately as it is ethereal, you would imagine her to be the most dignified, gentle, and sweet-tempered dame in all the feathered creation, instead of which she is one of the most quarrelsome, noisy, and self-sufficient; pecks, scolds, and pursues her equals, and flies in the face of birds three times as large as herself. Nor must I forget the little rice-buntings, pretty in spite of their rotundity of figure, and clothed in sober suit of iron-grey, almost black, with white cravats round their necks. They are lowly, social, lovable little birds, flying in flocks of from twenty to thirty, and seem fonder of hopping humbly about in the Bermuda grass, than of contrasting their quaker garb with their gaudier-attired fellows in the orange and lime-trees. I have heard that in the dry season my unassuming favourites put on a scarlet costume, but cannot tell whether it be the case or not.

I wish it were in my power to send you a description of the splendid butterflies I see every sunny day; but like all of their tribe, they never remain still long enough for me to examine them distinctly, merely settling upon a leaf and flower a single moment, or enamelling the grass with their gorgeous hues. A very common one looks as if cut out of black satin, and embroidered with purple silk. Another is black with white spots; and a third, broader across its wings than a humming-bird, is also of a rich blue-black, with a belt of bright green stretching from the tip of one wing to another. There are also many lesser ones all of one colour, such as pale blue, yellow, or lilac, that look like flower-blossoms flitting through the air. I particularly observe a small white butterfly in the bush here, that seems as if it were carrying off a few threads of a silk fringe that had got entangled with it. But I found on a narrower examination this appearance to be caused by the hinder wings of the insect being lengthened out into flexible tapering points, which give a still lighter air to its graceful body.

Altogether I must candidly confess that the view, the weather, the flowers, birds, and the butterflies render me somewhat idle at times. But we have other and less agreeable insects, although I have only twice seen a scorpion since coming to this country, and, within doors, centipedes nearly as seldom. Millepedes, very ugly and large, abound on the walks, and infest the trees. They have many feet like the centipede, but instead of being flat like it, are round, and of a dark shining brown, annularly marked with red. Some of them are fully seven inches long, and as thick as a young snake, but they are not poisonous. We are very little annoyed by mosquitos, though this is the season they are usually most troublesome and numerous; but I suppose the hill is too stormy a place for them to exist upon it. Spiders seem more industrious in this country than anywhere else, and are really serviceable in catching flying ants, and all such winged pests; therefore, in the open piazzas down stairs, I do not object to a solitary gossamer web being occasionally left undisturbed, especially as some of the out-of-door spiders are so beautifully and curiously marked. The one at present domesticated below has a large oval body, that looks exactly like an ivory ball, covered over with great, black, Hebrew characters. The house spiders are of different sorts; some are small, round, jumping creatures; others so large that a crown-piece could not cover them, and flat as scorpions. They are very numerous and troublesome, making nests everywhere, and on everything. You see, fastened perhaps against a shelf in the store-room, or like a label on a bottle, what appears to be a circular patch of white paper, but turns out to be a tough opaque substance, more like calico than paper in texture, and on tearing it

off, some dozen of eggs or as many young spiders are discovered within.

Here we must pause; but we shall return at least once again to this charming volume.

*Expedition to Discover the Source of the White Nile.* By FERDINAND WERNE. In 2 vols. London. 1849.

ALTHOUGH full of new and curious information, this is a most difficult book to read, for the author has employed Oriental terms and phrases so frequently that the translator was entirely unable to render them into English and he was driven to the resource of giving the Oriental word, and then adding in a parenthesis the supposed meaning of it; the consequence of which is, that the reader is continually compelled to halt in the midst of a sentence for an explanation of a word of strange aspect, and sometimes twice or thrice, so that, before he reaches the end, he has forgotten the beginning. Whether this peculiarity is an affectation of the German traveller, or if really his mind is so imbued with Orientalism from long sojourn in the East that it expresses itself more readily in its acquired than in its native tongue, we have no knowledge; the fact, however, is unfortunate, for it will somewhat mar the popularity of a work of very extensive research, of great intrinsic interest, and which will certainly take a permanent place among the contributions of enterprising travellers to physical geography.

WERNE sailed from Khartum in November, 1840, with a Turkish expedition—army and navy—descending the Blue River to the point at which it joins the White River, and thence ascending the latter—the two taking their names from their different colours, which contrast as much as do the Moselle and the Rhine, and like the latter, the streams preserve their individuality for a considerable distance after they flow in the same channel.

For six months the expedition continued its progress up the river, exploring the country on either side, as they went along, holding continual intercourse with the inhabitants, noting the natural history, the botany, the geography, and the geology of the country, carefully recording the climate, the seasons, and indeed taking every opportunity that ingenuity could suggest to improve the advantageous circumstances under which they were visiting a region almost unknown. The German has presented to his countrymen his narrative of this singular expedition, and it is a translation of it by Mr. C. W. O'REILLY which is now before us. Like all works of its class, it can only be noticed in a literary journal by extract; it is not a subject for criticism. So we will at once introduce our readers to a few specimens of its contents.

The plague of all climates, at once hot and moist, infested them after this fashion.

#### THE PLAGUE OF GNATS.

10th December.—A dead calm throughout the night. Gnats!!! No use creeping under the bed-clothes, where the heat threatens to stifle me, compelled as I am, by their penetrating sting, to keep my clothes on. Leave only a hole to breathe at; in they rush, on the lips, into the nostrils and ears, and should one yawn, they squeeze themselves into the throat, and tickle us to coughing, causing us to suffer real torture, for with every respiration again a fresh swarm enters. They find their way to the most sensitive parts, creeping in like ants at every aperture. My bed was covered in the morning with thousands of these little tormenting spirits—compared with which the Egyptian plague is nothing—which I had crushed to death with the weight of my body, by continually rolling about.



As I had forgotten to take with me from Khartum a mosquito-net, or gauze bed-curtains, for which I had no use there on account of the heat, to keep off these tormentors, there was nothing for it but submission. Neither had I thought of leather gloves, unbearable in the hot climate here, but which would have been at this moment of essential advantage, for I was not only obliged to have a servant before me at supper-time, waving a large fan, made of ostrich feathers, under my nose, so that it was necessary to watch the time for seizing and conveying the food to my mouth, but I could not even smoke my pipe in peace, though keeping my hands wrapt in my woollen Burnus, for the gnats not only stung through it, but even crept up under it from the ground. The blacks and coloured men were equally ill-treated by these hungry and impudent guests; and all night long might be heard the word 'Bauda,' furious abuse against them, and flappings of *ferdas* to keep them off; but in spite of this, the face and body were as if bestudded, and swollen up with boils. The Baudas resemble our long-legged gnats, although their proboscis, with which they bore through a triple fold of strong linen, appears to me longer. Their head is blue; the back dun-coloured, and their legs are covered with white specks, like small pearls. Another kind has shorter and stronger legs, a thicker body, of a brown colour, with a red head and iris-hued posteriors.

#### He gives an amusing account of the

##### AFRICAN APES.

The vessels (says Werne) not being able to reach the dry land, owing to the shrubs and trees, I had myself carried through the water to the shore, in order to take a survey of the country and to make a shooting excursion. I could not, however, make up my mind to use my gun, the only animals in the neighbourhood I could shoot being white-grey long-tailed apes, called Abelenk, similar to the *Cercopithecus Sabanus*, but more silver-grey and far larger. I had shot such an one on a former occasion, and the mortally wounded animal had, by his similarity to a human being and his piteous gestures, excited my compassion so much, that I determined never to kill another. Mr. Arnaud, on the contrary, took a peculiar pleasure in watching the wounded monkeys which fell by his shot, because, in the agonies of death, the roof of their mouths became white like that of a dying man. It was affecting to see how the mother apes precipitated themselves down from the old sun trees and secured their young, playing before our feet, behind the high branches, and darted round the corner until another malignant ball reached them from behind, whereupon they let their young fall from their arms, but the little creatures clung firmly to the old one by running, climbing, and springing under her belly. They live together in families of several hundreds, and their territory is very limited even in the forest, as I myself subsequently ascertained. Although they fear the water very much, and do not swim voluntarily, yet they always fled for security to the high branches hanging over the stream, and often fell in, whereupon they, in spite of imminent danger, carefully wiped their faces, and tried to get the water out of their ears before they climbed up into the trees. Such a republic of apes is really a droll sight,—coaxing, caressing, and combing each other, plundering, fighting, and tugging one another by the ears, and, during all these important concerns, hastening every moment down to the river, where, however, they satisfy themselves with a hurried draught, in order that they may not be devoured by the crocodiles constantly keeping watch there. The monkeys on board our vessels not being fastened, turned restless at the sight of the jolly free life, and at the clamour of their brethren in the trees.

#### A peep at the people and the manners will be afforded by this lively sketch of

##### A NEGRO EMBASSY.

One of these ambassadors was likewise a younger brother of the king's, a real giant both in height and breadth, and coloured red from head to foot; there was not even a single hair on the whole body of this Hercules that was not red. His name is Dogalé. Nikeló, already known to us, returned also, but entirely in his natural state, not having even one of the strings of beads presented to him round his neck. The other envoy, a relation of the king's, is called Betja. Dogalé lolls very comfortably on the carpet extended before the

cabin, supporting his long ribs on the little stool placed under him. Favoured by nature in every respect, he has regular features, and a good-tempered though not intelligent countenance. All the questions asked of these high and mighty lords were answered with the greatest readiness. Sultan, or king, is called in their language Matta, which means generally a lord, but there is no other lord besides him. There is no one in these countries equal to their Matta in power and strength. The word Lakono was also pronounced Lagono, for they frequently change *k* for *g*, as well as *p* for *b*, *vice versa*, and they vary the fall of the accent, for example, Beknja and Pelenja. Lakono has forty wives and several children, amongst them many grown-up sons. They show us the number, not by stretching out the fingers of both hands, but by holding their clenched fist towards the questioners, in order to express by that means the number five or ten. Each of the brothers of the king had six wives, and this appears to be their usual appanage; for the women are purchased, and they are probably allowed a certain number of wives, according to their station. A private man, such as the sheiks or chiefs of the community, has only three; the others have only one or two wives, exclusive of the slaves taken in war or purchased, like the male ones, for iron weapons. The latter, I learned on my return to the country of the Bokes, down to which place Lakono has navigated, for the purpose of purchasing slaves, as they told us there.

We order the drum to be beat and the men to pipe; it was with difficulty then that they could keep their seats. They do not display any troublesome prying spirit, or impertinent curiosity; but they see *too much* at once, the impression assails them too powerfully on all sides. I gaze on these people,—they are men like ourselves, but they are more bashful than we,—not, however, by any means approaching that timidity and helplessness which we have perceived, for example, among the Kekks. They eat dates, almonds, and raisins, but do not snatch them hastily or greedily. They take the tinned-copper can (Brik) filled with water from the wash-hand basin (Tisht), and drink directly from the curved spout, after having lifted up the cover and ascertained the contents; yet they have never seen such fruits and such a water-vessel. I observe them in their mutual confidential conversation, perhaps referring to us,—what do they think of us? They are not astonished at the white faces; perhaps they take them to be coloured, like their own bodies, for our crew display all possible tints of flesh.

I am led to this latter supposition from a couple of women having previously tried the skin on my face with their wet fingers, to see if it were painted. The features and form of the head are quite regular among these gigantic people, and are a striking contrast to those of our black soldiers, with their more negro-like physiognomy, although they are not, on the whole, ugly. I compare the true Caucasian races, who are present, with these men, and find that the latter have a broader forehead. The inhabitants of the kingdom of Bari might be designated a protoplasma of the black race; for not only do they shoot up to a height of from six and a half to seven Parisian feet, which we have seen also in the other nations, but their gigantic mass of limbs are in the noblest proportions. The form of the face is oval, the forehead arched, the nose straight, or curved, with rather wide nostrils,—the alæ, however, not projecting disagreeably; the mouth full, like that of the ancient Egyptians; the orifice of the ears large, and the temples a little depressed. The last we do not find in the Barabras, and the races akin to them in Abyssinia. The men of Bari have, besides, well-proportioned legs, and muscular arms. It is a pity that they also extract the four lower incisors, for not only is the face disfigured by this custom when they are laughing, but their pronunciation also becomes indistinct. They differ, moreover, from the nations hitherto seen by having no holes in their ears for ornaments; and they do not tattoo themselves. Yet I remarked some who had incisions, as imaginary ornaments, on their shoulders: such exceptions may originate from the mothers being of another race. I have even seen in the land of Sudan instances of a twofold genealogical table in the countenance, because the father and mother were of different nations. There appears to be no national custom with respect to wearing the hair long or short; but generally the hair is short, and not more woolly than that of the

Barabras and Arabs. On some there was none to be seen, and it appears either to be removed by a knife or a cauterising process. Some wear their hair like a cock's comb from the forehead down to the nape of the neck; others have scarcely the crown of the head covered; the most, however, wear tolerably long hair, in the natural manner, which gives a significant look to many faces.

#### Now for a bit of botany.

##### THE PAPYRUS.

The crew are quite wearied from sleepless nights, and rowing must be given up if the calm continues, although we find ourselves in a canal whose water propels us so little that we do not cast anchor. Here (he continues on another topic connected with literature) I got a specimen of the gigantic rush (*papyrus antiquus*) before mentioned. The stalk is prismatic, somewhat rounded, however, on one side; it runs in a conical form, to the length of from ten to twelve feet, and bears on the top a corolla like a tuft of reeds, the ray-formed edges of which branch out, and are more than a span long; the greatest thickness of the stem is one inch and a half, and never less than half an inch thick, and under the green rind there is a strong pith. Subsequently, however, I saw this papyrus, which our Arabs were not acquainted with, from fifteen to twenty feet long, and two inches thick, so that the longer reeds on the top shot forth from their little clusters of flowers and seeds, five to six new spikes, the length of a span. The *Ambak* was known to the old Egyptians; there is no doubt, therefore, that it, as well as this rush, was split, glued to one another, and used for a writing material, because it afforded the advantage of a greater extent of surface.

#### Here is a picture of

##### A ROYAL VISIT.

The dress and coiffure distinguishes his tall figure from all the others. Notwithstanding every one removed on one side, and we formed a divan upon cushions and chests around the carpet before the cabin, yet he treads upon the vessel with an insecure step, for he has his eyes directed towards us, and stumbles against the projecting foot of the gun-carriage. He carried his throne himself,—the little wooden stool, which we should call a footstool, and of which all make use; but he bore also an awful sceptre, consisting of a club: its thick nob was studded with large iron nails, to inspire greater respect.

When we little expected it, the Sultan raised his voice, without commanding *silencium* beforehand with his sceptre, and sang—his eyes directed firmly and shining on us—a song of welcome, with a strong, clear voice. This was soon ended, and the song had brightened him up surprisingly, for he looked quite merrily around, as far as his eyes, which were apparently affected by a cataract, would allow him. This misfortune might be the cause also why he walked, as if in a mist, with an insecure step on the vessel. According to the translation passed by two interpreters from one to the other into Arabic, he chanted us as being bulls, lions, and defenders of the Penates (Tiran, Sing Tor, Assad and Aguan el bennat.)

He is of an imposing figure, with a regular countenance, marked features, and has somewhat of a Roman nose. We noticed on all the bare parts of his body remains of ochre, apparently not agreeing very well with the skin, for here and there on the hands it was cracked. He was the first man whom we had hitherto found clothed.

His temples are slightly depressed; on his head he wore a high bonnet, in the form of a bear-skin cap, covered over and over with black ostrich-feathers, which were fixed inside by an oval net-work. His feather-tiara was fastened under his chin by two straps; two other stiff red straps, with small leather tufts, projected like horns over both temples; these horns denote here, perhaps, the royal dignity, like the caps of horns (Takiü betal Gorn) of the Moluks, in Belled-Sudan, and may be an imitation of Ammon, or of Moyses. He shook his cap very often in real pleasure. A long and wide blue cotton shirt with long open sleeves, lined inside with white cotton, reached down to the feet from the throat, where it was hollowed out round, and had a red border. A large blue and white chequered cotton band, bound round the hips, held this

dress together. He wore round the neck strings of blue glass paste, and rings of thin twisted iron wire. The feet were covered with well-worked red sandals, of thick leather. Bright polished iron rings, the thickness of the little finger, reached from the ankles to the calf, exactly fitting to the flesh, and increasing in size as they went up the leg. Above these he wore another serrated ring, and a thin chain. The knuckles of the right hand were surrounded with an iron and a red copper ring, of twisted work. On the left hand he had a prettily decorated yellow copper ring, with a dozen narrow iron rings, likewise fitted exactly to the arm. As we subsequently saw, the upper part of both arms was surrounded with two heavy ivory rings, of a hand's breadth. Contrary to the usual custom, he had also the *four lower incisors*; we could not ascertain the cause of this distinction, and at our question on the subject, he only answered with a cunning laugh. I soon remarked, moreover, that he wanted the upper teeth; yet he may have lost them from old age, for want of teeth is common even among these people, and he might have numbered some sixty years.

This want of sound teeth—as negroes are always distinguished for good teeth, and the marshy soil has entirely ceased in the country of Bari—may perhaps only arise from eating some fruit unknown to us, such as the cassavas in Guiana, which have the same effect; or the reason for it may be sought in their pulling them out directly they pain them with their iron instruments always at hand. The constant smoking of their very strong tobacco, with the absence of cleanliness, which, however, is not the case with our Nuba negroes, may contribute to this imperfection. At first he smoked the cigar given him, and then the Turkish pipe, with the air of an old smoker; for smoking is a general custom among the nations on the White Nile. Dates were set before him, and the others picked him out the best, and breaking them in two, laid the stones in a heap, and gave him the fruit in his hand, partaking of them with him.

The music which had accompanied him to the shore, and embarked on board the vessel, consisted of a drum, made out of the trunk of a tree, and beaten with sticks, a kind of clarinet, and a fife, different only from the small ones worn by all the natives round their necks, by being three or four times larger. King Lakono's dress and copper rings came from the country of Berri; this was a confirmation of what we had already heard. He had never seen horses, asses, or camels, and it seemed as if there were no words in his language to denote them; nor did he know of an unicorn, and did not understand our explanation of these animals. If the Arabs in the land of Sudan do not deny the existence of the unicorn in the interior of Africa, and even assert that there are some, if the subject be followed up further, this arises from politeness, in order that they may correspond with our desire to prove the real existence of such an animal, and is not what they know to be truth.

Lakono made himself comfortable afterwards, and sat down upon the carpet, moving his little stool under his shoulders. A red upper garment was fetched, and the Turks made him comprehend that he must stand up to have it put on. They bound a white shawl round his ribs, and another was twisted round his head, as a turban, after they had clapped on him a tarbusch. On this, one of the two slaves who accompanied him placed on his own head the royal feather-cap, and laughed behind his master's back. This only lasted, however, a minute, though the others took no offence at it. The dress, altogether, was found to be too short and scanty for such limbs. Several strings of beads were hung round Lakono's neck, and several more piled up before him to take to his wives; hereupon he could rest no longer, and went off, followed by all the others.

Turning to a different theme we present the narrative of

#### A BATTLE WITH THE NATIVES.

An occurrence has just happened which might be the death of us all if anything were to be feared from the revenge of these evidently good-natured people. We were on the right side of the river, and went to the left, where the little sandal was towed not far from us by the Libahn. Natives had stationed themselves here in large and small groups; they greeted us, held up their hands, pointed to their necks for beads, and sang,

danced, and jumped. There was no end of laughing in our vessel; I was attentive to what was going on, and saw that the natives had seized the rope of the sandal, and would not let it be towed further, for they wanted beads. Probably the crew of the sandal had taken weapons or ornaments from them without giving anything in return, as this frequently happened. We steered close to the left shore to assist our men, when eight bold armed figures advanced towards us, and gave us to understand by pantomimic signs, that we had presented beads to their neighbours below but would not give them anything. They offered the rings on their arms, and their weapons, and signified to us, as we were advancing Libahn, on account of the faintness of the wind, that they would not allow us to tow any further unless we gave them something. They said all this, however, with a laughing countenance, jumped about, and laughed anew. It was plain they were only in jest; but our bloodthirsty fellows, seeing no danger in this small number of men, and never thinking of the probable consequences, just like the Turks, considered this an excellent opportunity to display their courage. They seized their weapons. I was unwell, but yet was standing on deck, and kept order as well as my weak voice would allow me. I went from one to the other and enjoined them not to fire until the arrows were first shot at them. The black soldiers, who were mostly recruits, I admonished especially not to be *filles de joie* (the usual expression here applied to those who exhibit fear in discharging their guns,) but men (*rigal*, sing. *ragel*), to grasp the gun firmly and take good aim. Our blacks are generally very much afraid of the report of guns, and do exactly as the Greeks did at the commencement of their war for freedom; they lay the butt-end on the thigh, and fire at random. On the White River, also, the report of these unknown weapons was more feared than the real danger itself. They listened to me; but then came the vessel of Captain Mohammed Agâ, a fool-hardy Arnaut, who is always trying to distinguish himself in some way or another. He shouted to the sandal to cut away the rope although the men were still on land. This was about to be done when the tallest negro, who had twisted the rope round a little tree, pointed his bow at the sailor who was about to cut it through with his knife. He laughed at the same time, and it was clear that he was not in earnest; for he had wrestled in a friendly manner with the other sailors when they tried to get the rope from him without making use of his weapons. Yet the Arnaut commanded them to "fire," whilst he had already aimed at the incautious native, being the first to discharge his piece. In a moment all three vessels fired away as though they were beset by the devil. I was only able to pull back a couple of fellows whose guns had flashed in the pan. Eleven or twelve other victims followed the first, who was knocked over by the captain's shot. Those who went away wounded were not counted. An old woman was shot down by an Egyptian standing near me, and yet he boasted of this heroic deed, as did all the others of theirs. There might have been from twenty-five to thirty natives collected together at that place, scarcely thirty paces from us, and the high-standing straw might have concealed several more.

We sailed away with the wind favouring our criminal action, for our men had again come on board before the firing commenced. The Dahabi's sailing ahead of us must have heard our shots; they did not, however, furl *one* sail to lend us assistance, which might have been eventually necessary. Before we caught up these vessels we saw a woman on the shore, looking about among the dead men, and then afterwards running to the city at some distance from the shore. The natives were hastening towards it, but they did not trust themselves near us. Yet they knew not the melancholy truth that our shots would hit at a distance; hitherto they feared only the thunder and lightning of them, as we had seen several times. We halted a moment; the unhappy creatures or relatives of the slain came closer to the border of the shore, laid their hands flat together, raised them above their head, slid upon their knees nearer to us, and sprang again high in the air, with their compressed hands stretched aloft, as if to invoke the pity of heaven, and to implore mercy of us. A slim young man was so conspicuous by his passionate grief, that it cut to my heart, and—our barbarians laughed with all their might. This unbounded attachment to one another, and the circumstance that that

woman, in spite of the danger so close at hand, sought for the man of her heart among those who had perished, affected me exceedingly, because such moral intrinsic worth, flowing from pure natural hearts, is unfortunately more acquired than innate in civilised nations. We had only advanced a little on our way, and above thirty unarmed natives, who must yet, at all events, have been informed of the tragical incident that had just occurred, sat down on the sand directly close to the river, without suspicion, or designing any harm to us, as if nothing had taken place, and really, I had enough to do to prevent their being shot at.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

*Ornithological Rambles in Sussex, with a Systematic Catalogue of the Birds of that County, and remarks on their local distribution.* By A. E. Knox, M.A., &c. London: Van Voorst. 1849.

WOULD that the natural history of every county in England and Wales could find such an enthusiastic and competent reporter as Sussex, whose ornithology is here presented to us in a volume which will take its place with those of GILBERT WHITE, JESSE, and some others, who have shown what boundless food for observation, how much knowledge, how much amusement, are to be gleaned from a faithful and minute survey of the animal and vegetable products of any locality in our island, be it only the narrow circle of a parish or even of a park. Here, in a series of letters addressed to a friend, has Mr. Knox depicted the birds of the county of Sussex, and all the facts and anecdotes relating to them which he had collected in his rambles; and wonderfully he has varied the scientific narrative with delightful descriptions of scenery and other matters that came under his observation, making altogether a book that belongs as much to general literature as to science, and for reading as well as for reference: a book which will not merely be perused with pleasure now, but will take a permanent place in the library among other volumes which we read over and over again, esteeming them as friends with whom we love to hold intercourse, and feel we cannot do so too often.

This will be best proved by extracts from it and to them we will at once address ourselves, nor will the reader deem them too many or too long.

First, for an account of

#### A HERONRY.

I slung my spy-glass over my neck, and as silently as possible ascended a Scotch fir which commanded from its upper branches a good view of a large nest in a neighbouring tree. The evergreen boughs, moreover, were so well clothed with leaves that I found less difficulty than I had expected in concealing myself, but notwithstanding all my care, the old birds had taken the alarm, when I began to climb, and I had to wait a long time before either of them returned. I had, however, a good opportunity of examining with my glass, the grotesque inhabitants of the nest: they were three in number, appeared to be not more than a week or ten days old, and were partly clothed with a hairy down, resembling hemp or flax in colour and appearance; their heavy heads, crowned with tufts of this, and raised occasionally as they opened their enormous mouths in expectation of food, and then suddenly dropped again; their great staring eyes, writhing necks, and naked bodies; altogether contributed to render their appearance irresistibly ludicrous: but their excitement seemed to have reached its utmost when one of the old birds, which had flapped round the nest for some time, at last prepared to alight, gradually allowing his outstretched legs to fall from the horizontal to the perpendicular, and working his wings with increased violence and rapidity until he found a firm footing on the margin of the nest, when, opening his beak, he immediately disgorged seven-



ral small eels, which were greedily devoured by the three young birds. The eels appeared to be very small; but I had ere long an opportunity of observing that even when a fish is of a tolerable size, the heron contrives to conceal it within the elastic pouch to which, in so many birds, the dilatable skin of the throat can be readily converted; for many minutes had not elapsed before I saw an old heron alight on a more distant tree, and opening his mouth, drop a fish, which appeared to be above half a pound weight, into the bottom of his nest. I had, it is true, only a passing glimpse of it as it fell, and therefore at the moment could make only a rough guess at its weight and species, but it appeared to be a bream, or large roach, and of such a shape and size as I should scarcely have supposed to have been stowed away within that graceful neck, if I had not been aware, from former observations on the habits of cormorants and divers, how great are the expansive properties of the gullet in all piscivorous birds. After dropping it on the floor of the nest he commenced, by repeated blows of his beak, to lacerate and tear the flesh from the bones, and seemed to accomplish his task in an incredibly short space of time by means of the admirable tool with which Nature had furnished him, performing at once the double duties of pickaxe and pincers; then followed the feeding of the young birds, and so economical a housekeeper and skilful carver did he prove, that when I had afterwards the curiosity to ascend to his nest, I found, as the remains of the repast, little else than the back-bone of a fish which might have weighed nearly a pound, with only a few ragged bits of flesh adhering to it; even the head had been devoured.

#### Here is an anecdote of

##### THE OSPREY.

The oft-told, but frequently doubted story of an eagle, *i. e.*, an osprey, having been carried under water and drowned by a large pike, into whose broad shoulders the bird had fixed his talons, derives some credibility from the circumstances attending the capture of an osprey a few years since near Rottingdean, a little village about three miles from Kemp-town. The facts were as follows: A shepherd's boy, while tending his flock near the cliffs, observed an osprey rising with difficulty from the sea, and bearing in his claws a large fish, with which he alighted near the edge of the precipice. Running up hastily to the spot, and perceiving the distress of the bird, who appeared equally incapable of carrying off his prize, or of disengaging himself from it, but looked, as the boy expressed it, "as if he was stuck in a trap," he disabled and subsequently despatched him with his crook. I saw this specimen after it had been set up by a clever taxidermist, who, to commemorate the particulars of its capture, had mounted it on a large fish, with the claws firmly imbedded in its scaly back.

The destructiveness of the Sparrow-hawk, although much doubted, is sufficiently shown by the following record in Mr. Knox's diary.

##### THE SPARROWHAWK'S NEST.

"June 26. Returned home yesterday evening; and the first object that met my eyes on driving up to the hall door was a row of dead sparrow-hawks, seven in number, which D. had impaled, each upon its own peculiar stick, with its wings spread and tail expanded, as if to make the most of it: there were the Amazonian old female, and the little cock, with his dark back and red breast, and five immature birds, some of them larger than the latter.

"It was not long before Denyer made his appearance with a game-bag in his hand, and gave the following account of his successful expedition:—

"Having, with the assistance of Puttock, the gardener and a bird-nesting lad, carefully examined the great wood of Dunhurst, in which direction the old sparrowhawk had flown with the young pheasant, they at last found the nest in a thick oak tree; it was very broad and flat, constructed on that of a carrion crow, but apparently much enlarged, being considerably wider, although not so deep. Hearing the cries of one of the young hawks at a little distance, he concealed himself in the underwood, and waited until the old male arrived at the nest with a lark in his claws; him he shot, and then mounted the tree to examine the nest, which he found nearly filled with dead birds which the old hawks had procured during their foraging expeditions for their

young. The latter were absent, but D. could hear their sharp cries from different parts of the wood. His next care was to set a trap in the nest without removing any of its contents, and he had not waited long before he caught the female, with a young chicken in her talons. He then proceeded to empty the nest, and could scarcely trust his eyes at the sight—here he shook out upon the grass for my inspection the contents of the bag—there were fifteen young pheasants, about the size of quails—some rather larger—four young partridges, five chickens, a bullfinch, two meadow pipits and two larks, all in a fresh state. Puttock, the gardener, who helped D. to remove them from the nest, corroborated his statement, and I certainly saw and counted the victims myself, all of which had evidently been killed by a bird of prey.

"The last operation of Denyer was to shoot the young sparrowhawks, which, although nearly full-grown and capable of flying, were unable to provide themselves with food. This he effected by remaining quietly under the tree, until the birds, whose gradually increasing hunger was evinced by their louder and more frequent cries, by degrees approached nearer to the nest, and were shot one after another to the number of five."

Now, what strikes me as more especially worthy of notice in this case, is the fact that the young birds are not supplied with food at a distance from the nest after they have left it, but that while these yet haunt its neighbourhood, and are still incapable of providing for themselves, the old ones convert it at once into a larder and refectory, which they stock with a constant supply of freshly-killed prey, to which the others resort when pressed by hunger, and are there fed by their parents, and probably receive their first lessons in the art of plucking and breaking up their dinner.

We are glad to find from so good an authority as Mr. Knox, this

##### PLEA FOR PHEASANTS.

What a mistake it is to suppose that the pheasant is an enemy to the farmer! True, he may deal rather unceremoniously with newly-sown wheat-fields, and occasionally retard or frustrate the labour of the bean-dibbler. He may, without due regard to conventional usages, even venture to anticipate the work of the sickle, and commence his gleaming operations a week or two before the legitimate time; but this can happen to an injurious extent only in very highly preserved districts, where those checks have been removed from the species which indeed Nature has placed upon the excessive increase of all animals. But unfortunately the agriculturist, smarting under a sense of these partial injuries, is too apt to overlook the real benefits conferred on him by the pheasant. During the greater part of the year he is his active friend, devouring immense quantities of insects, which in their larva state are so injurious to both green and cereal crops. These principles are inculcated in their earliest education, and you cannot accuse the matron of setting them a bad example. At this season they are all decidedly insect-ivorous. Look at that group of pheasants—Why do they so assiduously turn over the dead leaves under those tall trees? The acorns and beechmast have long since disappeared, and the keeper has ceased to scatter the beans or barley with which he was wont to supply them regularly during the winter. Why does the mother bird lead her little family to the small ant-hills, or beneath the spreading boughs of the oak which swarm with the leaf-destroying caterpillars?—and why do troops of cock pheasants issue from the woods after a wet night and haunt the neighbouring meadows, slowly advancing step by step, examining every tuft of grass, and patiently "darning" the field for hours together? Be assured for nothing but worms and insects. And then what myriads of that scourge, the wireworm, do they not consume!

For nine months of the year they are thus usefully employed, and if you were to kill and dissect a pheasant during that period, the contents of his crop would satisfy you that his condemnation is unjust, and that, on the whole, he is rather the friend than the foe of the agriculturist.

We conclude with the very interesting story of

##### THE UPPERTON RAVENS.

In their new quarters the ravens now reign unmo-  
lest, the nest itself being concealed from ordinary

observation among the evergreen boughs near the summit of one of the tallest trees, so as to escape the notice of the wayfarers who traverse Upperton Common, or pass along the high road which here skirts the ivy-covered park wall. Nay, even within the precincts, where these birds and their establishment are now held sacred, those who occasionally visit the spot for the express purpose of "having a look at the ravens," are generally disappointed as they mount the steep hill and approach the clump, at seeing nothing of either of the birds, and at the apparent desertion of the place: but they are quickly undeceived. The short and angry larks of the male are first heard as he emerges from the dark boughs; then—if the young have been hatched—he is soon joined by the female, and both continue to soar round the heads of the strangers, gradually increasing their distance until they reach a considerable height, and occasionally varying their usual hoarse cry with the singular note to which I have already alluded. Their retreat is therefore, as I have said, secure from ordinary observation; but what nest can escape the scrutiny of an Argus-eyed school-boy, especially if his cranium should present a development of the true ornithological bump? Soon after the ravens had taken up their quarters here, a truant youth, wandering over the Common, with his empty satchel on his shoulder, caught a glimpse of one of the old birds, marked him down into the clump, and having satisfied himself by an exceedingly rapid process of reasoning that its abode was there, and that the discovery and appropriation of its contents would repay him for the perils of the adventure, he scaled the wall, climbed the tree, robbed the nest, deposited four "squabs"—all that it contained—in his book-bag, and escaped undiscovered with his prize.

Imagine my feelings, when, on visiting the fir grove a few days after this occurrence, I could find no trace of either of the old ravens! At first curiosity was succeeded by suspicion, then suspicion by anxiety, and at last anxiety by conviction that something untoward had occurred; but on entering the clump the whole truth flashed upon me at once: splinters of short, brittle boughs, on which the climber had attempted to rest his feet as he ascended the tree, lay around, mingled with portions of the lining, which was composed of the hair of the fallow deer. Could the robber have taken *all* the young birds? So, to put an end to suspense, I mounted to the nest, clutched one of the branches immediately beneath it, raised myself up, and eagerly peeped into the interior. Empty! Not a bird, not a feather within it! Nothing but Jeer-fur and fledge-dust! What was to be done? If even one squab had been left, there would still have been room for hope that the attempt to protect the raven in his native haunts might possibly not have turned out, as now, an apparent failure. Another week elapsed, during which all inquiries—and they were many and searching—after the lost ones, were unattended with success. I now visited the clump every day, but my ears were no longer gladdened by the welcome bark of the parent birds. King-doves and starlings roosted in the branches of the trees, and even the spiteful jackdaw, who had hitherto kept at such a respectful distance, now chattered among the boughs, as if he could not resist the temptation of having a look at the nest, with a view to appropriating a portion of it to his own use on a future occasion.

Well, at last the young birds were discovered, half starved, in the possession of their original captor, who willingly delivered them up. It was proposed to rear them in a state of domestication, and the operation of clipping their wings had already been performed on three of the 7, before the idea occurred to me that, even yet, "at the eleventh hour," it was just possible that the restoration of the remaining perfect bird to the nest might have the effect of attracting the attention of either of the old ones if they should happen to revisit the neighbourhood. Although but a "forlorn hope," the attempt was worth the trial. It was late in the evening, I remember, when I put it in execution, and the next morning found me again on my way to the fir clump. Impatient to learn the result of my experiment, yet entertaining only a shadowy belief in the possibility of its success, I hastened to the park. Scarcely venturing to raise my eyes as I ascended the slope, I listened attentively, but no sound indicated the return of my absent friends. However, the scene soon changed, and amply was I repaid for all my previous care and

anxiety, on perceiving, as I topped the hill, both the old ravens issuing from the trees, and flying round my head just as if nothing had happened. I could hardly believe my eyes. It was true, nevertheless: my experiment perfectly succeeded: the young bird was safely reared: the ravens have since brought up several families in the same nest: and as this little episode in their biography has served to increase the interest taken in their welfare by those who have now fortunately the disposition as well as the power to protect them, I trust that they may long live in peace and security, and that if any lover of the picturesque or admirer of our native birds should hereafter visit the tower hill during "trysting time," he may never find "the raven's clump" untenanted.

Every book club should order this delightful volume, which is further adorned by many clever lithographed sketches of remarkable localities and their tenants.

#### FICTION.

*Harley Beckford.* In 3 vols. London: Bailey Brothers. 1849.

ANOTHER novel of the class which *Mary Barton* has made popular,—depicting life in the lower (not the lowest) classes. Fashionable novels had their day, and lost their interest with their novelty. Middle-class life took its turn and maintained its popularity for a somewhat longer period; but that, also, at last palled upon the reader's appetite, and it was necessary that the fictionist should explore some new mine. There remained the working classes, as yet almost untouched, although promising a richer field than either of the others, because there is among them less of that uniformity produced by social conventionalities; character is free to show itself, and manners more perfectly express the mind. But the difficulty of dealing with the subject is great. The writing class do not mingle with the working classes; they may see something and safely guess more of the habits and thoughts of the aristocracy (real), they are familiar with the middle class, comprising in that term all who have not a title to a place amongst the genuine aristocracy down to those who stand a few degrees above the working class; but of these latter they are profoundly ignorant, and whenever they attempt an accidental introduction of one of its members, they do not paint character, but they draw a caricature.

And how is this difficulty to be overcome? How can man, or woman either, occupying the social position of the class that supplies the writers of fiction, ever obtain a really accurate and reliable knowledge of the lower classes, as they are seen in their homes, in their own social gatherings? How can their true sentiments ever come to an author's ears? What are his opportunities for looking into their hearts? Let us try the case by application of it to ourselves. Could any working man, granting him the literary capacity, describe, with even an approach to accuracy, the social life and very feelings and idiosyncracies of the middle class? What a distorted picture it would be! How full of misrepresentation! How much would be omitted! how much added! What dark shades would be thrown into the wrong places! What distortion of features! What strange sentiment and turn of thoughts and of language would be placed in the mouths of the personages of the story! And certainly not less must be the caricature of working-class life which a middle-class man must portray, unless, which is most improbable, he has lived among them; and by this term we do not mean merely dwelling in

their neighbourhood, or making occasional visits as a superior to an inferior on missions of charity, or from motives of curiosity, but taking up an abode in their houses, and sharing their meals, their firesides, their workshops and their alehouse parties, as a companion and an equal. Nothing less than this would make a man competent to weave a truthful novel out of such materials as the new world of the working classes can supply. Hence the surprise with which we have read *Harley Beckford*. Who can be the author? Of what class is he? How did he acquire so much knowledge of lower-class life? Where and when did he mingle with it? He writes with a skill, a polish, and a fluency that indicate the accomplished *litterateur*; evidently he has been educated as a gentleman; whence then his acquaintance with the people of a grade so much below that in which he was trained?

These queries have suggested themselves on the assumption that he had drawn from the life, and we base that assumption upon the verisimilitude of the portraits. We do not know that they are faithful copies, but they are so thoroughly in keeping that we can scarcely suppose them to be fancy-features. He has chosen for his theme the memorable year 1817, when Lord Sidmouth had begun his reign of legal terror; when there was discontent and distress, and even wild conspiracy among the working people, and which by the alarmists was made the excuse for tyrannical and unconstitutional laws, really directed, not against revolution, but against reform. The purpose of this novel is, to present a picture of those melancholy days, and of the actors in those sad scenes, and this is effected through the medium of a plot, ingeniously constructed and full of interest, which we will not mar by any attempt to analyze. The characters are, with few exceptions, of the working classes, and they are forcibly drawn with a bold outline and a fair proportion of light and shade, so that they stand out life-like and dwell in the memory as realities.

The composition is nominally good; simple, but eloquent, purely English, and therefore vigorous and graphic. Whether in description, or in dialogue, or in portraiture, *Harley Beckford* excels any other novel of the season that has yet been submitted to us for review. With these commendations, it is merely necessary to say that we recommend it to every circulating library, and to all book-clubs which admit novels; and we can assure our readers that they may place it upon their list of books to read.

Two extracts will exhibit the author's style:

#### SATURDAY NIGHT.

"The night drove on wi' sangs and clatter."—

BURNS.

Whoever has not seen the inside of a country alehouse on a Saturday night has a very imperfect knowledge of the character of the working-man and labouring peasant of old England; for it is there, and at this particular time, that a truer development of each man's peculiarity is seen than anywhere else at any other time. See them engaged in their daily task, and there is but the one uniform appearance of plodding industry and close application to their calling; but on Saturday night, when the toils of the week are over, their wages received and their families provided for, a loose is given to the pent-up feelings, and a more open display is made of the peculiar bias of individual character. The untought wit, the formal pedant, and the foolish, and the wise politician, have each their respective sphere; and, with the same regularity as the revolutions of time, each proceeds to his accustomed station, and resumes the accustomed theme.

In Jabez Thrift's commonly assembled every Saturday evening at least a dozen of the people of Belford, whose coming might be expected with certainty. Others came occasionally, but these were the standard guests; and so punctual was their attendance, that Thrift always had their chairs set in those places where they are accustomed to fix, and no casual visitors were suffered to disturb the arrangement. Occasionally parties not acquainted with the rules had disputed them; but they were soon silenced by the sagacious Jabez, who sternly refused to draw his liquor till the refractory vacated the privileged chairs.

It was Saturday evening, in the month of October, 1817, that the usual party were met in the Pilgrim's Rest. The fire had been trimmed for the night, the hearth-stone swept, and the ashes carefully removed; the landlord had, without orders, furnished the accustomed beverage to every guest, he knew their habits so well; a tray of pipes was on the table, beside a japanned tin box which bore this limping inscription:

"A halfpenny pay before you fill,  
Then smoke away as fast as you will."

And the company seemed duly to have paid toll, and were smoking away as fast as they could smoke. There was nothing remarkable in the appearance of the greater number of the guests: they were average looking men, of various ages, and following different callings: some seemed to be employed in agriculture, others were artisans or small shopkeepers in the neighbouring town. Among the latter, there was one man distinguished from the rest, partly by the singular intelligence of his countenance, and partly by the peculiarity of his garb, which consisted of a light-grey hat, with straight collar, single-breasted, and shaped in the laps like a quaker's; the waistcoat, long and plain, of the same material; while that portion of attire which modern fastidiousness has set down as inexpressible, was of the same prevailing grey, and terminating a little below the knees, where two large silver buckles were seen smartly shining; while the legs, below, as if to carry out the individuality of this man's appearance to the end, were cased in light-grey worsted stockings. What originally led him to adopt this singular garb it is not now necessary to inquire; but, whatever other fitness it might possess, it certainly became well the name he bore, which was John Grey.

Attractive as the dress might be from its singular unity, it was less so than the face of the wearer. His chin and mouth were rather small; the nose large and aquiline; the forehead broad and lofty; and the coal-black eyes of such peculiar power, that they fastened the attention of whoever looked at them, on the instant. His hair was combed back, which gave a fuller view of the upper portions of his countenance, and added some what to its intellectuality. By a sort of tacit consent of the company, this John Grey was considered president whenever he came, and, as he had most to say, their principal spokesman.

As a specimen of the author's power of description we add

#### THE OLD RUIN.

"I'll read you matters deep and dangerous."  
SHAKSPEARE.

Soon after daybreak that morning the stranger issued from the Pilgrim's Rest. He had passed a sleepless night, and being attracted by the beauty of the early day, sallied out for a solitary ramble, in the hope that a walk through the quiet fields would yield that refreshment which the bed had denied him. Leaving the village by one of its least frequented ways, he passed down a narrow lane, overgrown with short, soft grass, kept down by the few sheep of a poor widow, whose cottage stood on the ground, and hung pendant in glittering drops from the leaves of the overarching trees, which were beginning to show the autumnal tints that tell of their decay, making them more beautiful through their loveliness, like the hectic colour of the young when wasting by consumption is due to the disease which is wearing them away. A light airy mist rising from the ground seemed like an incense wafted by the grateful earth in worship of the early day. The sun had risen in pure and perfect beauty, and sent forth such cheerful rays as shed perceptible gladness through the frame. All along the hedge rows, glowing with the bright red berries of the hawthorn, or the black fruit of the straggling bramble, busy spiders had trailed their long lines, hung



with globules of dew, like strings of pearls. Here and there, some of these lines streamed in the light breeze of the morning across the lane; and one in particular, which greatly interested our early pedestrian, was reared upright in the air, while at the end nearest the ground swung suspended a small spider, riding about in a light aerial car of his own construction.

As he walked on he met a few persons returning to the town, whose rural concerns had called them thus early into the fields. Here, an overgrown lad, whose long legs nearly reached to the ground on either side of the ass he rode, was seen behind a few cows slowly wending towards a farmhouse in the village to be milked. There, a man in a long loose frock leading a horse, on which his master meant to take a sabbath-day's journey. A little further on a ruddy milkmaid, with her hat nicely balanced on her head, looked to the ground as he passed, and, when she thought she was unobserved, turned round to look after so handsome a young gentleman, so entirely alone. Further on, he came to an old stone bridge which crossed a small river. It was steep in its ascent and descent, the arch being made high, to allow for sudden floods when storms visited the neighbouring hills. Here he paused awhile to look around him at the landscape, and determine which way to pursue his walk. The road lay along the bottom of a valley, and as the high hedges on either hand shut out all view of the surrounding scenery, he clambered over the first stile he came to, and took a narrow path by the river's side, which seemed to lead to more open fields and the rising grounds beyond. Wandering on for some time with the pleased yet pensive feelings which such scenes excite, now stopping to watch the stream gliding lucidly over the bright pebbles which glistened through it like lumps of silver and gold; or to listen to the musical murmur of its waters as they rippled round an opposing stone, or a tree's stem, and then passed away; or to admire the fantastic forms assumed by the moving mists of morning; or to trace the outlines of the far-off hills, as they became more and more defined against the clear blue sky—he at length came to a corner where the path turned suddenly from the river, and wound up between two rocky banks, overgrown with golden and green moss and ivy creeping and clinging to the ground. Following the course thus pointed out, from which, indeed, it was not easy to diverge, he mounted gradually till he stood at last at a great height above the river; and as he proceeded came among ancient oaks, whose great limbs strode across the ravine, their roots, in many places exposed to the light of day; their topmost branches white and withered, showing the time they had borne the pelting of the storm, while their rugged sides were clothed and coated with moss and ivy, grown black and grey with age. Further on were indications of old walls, the larger stones, with which the path was half obstructed, still bearing marks of the chisel, showing that they had once held a loftier position. This circumstance, and the increasing number of trees, made him aware that he was passing through an old park and enclosed domain; and as a ruin was to him at all times an object of veneration, and a source of pensive pleasure, and in his present frame of mind peculiarly so, he plunged deeper and deeper into the deserted place, and further and further into its silent, solitary shades; instead of seeking the broad, open park, he pushed along a rude pathway cut through the rock; and though it was obstructed at every step by huge stones, and roots of trees, and the brambles and underwood with which these were mixed and mingled, he went on till he came at last to a gap in the rock, and passing through it, saw he was at the entrance of a natural amphitheatre, in the midst of which stood an almost inaccessible mound of nature's throwing up, crowned with the broken walls, and buttresses, and time-battered towers of an old castle. Where he stood, no way up to this hill was to be seen; but, on skirting it, he saw on the other side, a pleasant sylvan path, winding and winding up till it reached its summit. To get to this way, he had to beat his path out through the brushwood and brambles by which the intermediate ground was overgrown; and after many a slip and slide over the wet moss and slimy stones, he got into it at last, and followed it up till he stood breathless on the level greensward on the summit of the hill.

The view from this elevation was singularly beautiful, and well paid him for the pains he had taken in his progress up to it. Through an opening in the wood he

saw the valley spread out in all its beauty before him. Under the hill lay a rich pastoral country, divided into broad and narrow fields, as fancy or necessity prescribed, in which numerous herds of cattle and scattered flocks of sheep were feeding. Here and there a large farmhouse or labourer's little cottage might be seen, with its thin wreath of blueish-white smoke curling among the trees surrounding it; or a country church peeping out of some sequestered glade, where it stood like a spiritual watch-tower, guarding the humble hamlet around it. Further on lay the village where he had passed the night; and he noticed that two or three stacks of chimneys had grown up in its outskirts, denoting that large factories were established there, which if they brought work and wealth to its inhabitants, brought, too, a sad set-off—deterioration of morals, and that worst of doubts, the doubt whether they were not productive of more evil than good. Glad to take his eyes off these giants of industry, he looked beyond them, and traced the windings of the beautiful Trent, as it wandered through one of the richest valleys in the world, to bury its waters in the depths of the great Humber.

The spot where he stood was the extreme edge and verge of the level space on the summit of the hill, and appeared to have been laid out as a place of recreation for the former inhabitants of the decayed castle. The castle, or as much as remained of it, stood on the steepest side of the hill, the lawn leading up to its entrance-gates being covered with beautiful verdure, the turf as close and grass as short as those of the best tended

“— smooth-shaven green.”

After gazing his fill at the lovely scenes which at every turn of his eyes, opened out before him, the stranger walked up the lawn towards the walls of what had once been the donjon—keep of the old castle. A wall, still perfect, was the outer defence of this high place. Fronting this was a second wall, still unbroken, save where a small gap had been made in it in one part to communicate with the interior of the castle. Of the other two walls which anciently completed the square, one was wholly overthrown; and the lawn spread along till it touched a chamber in the fourth wall, still adorned with the sturdy stone-work of what had once been a window.

From the subject and the style we are much inclined to suspect that ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE knows more about this clever novel than anybody else.

*Crichton.* By WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH. Third Edition, revised. With Illustrations by HABLLOT K. BROWNE. London: Chapman and Hall. 1849.

A HAPPIER subject has not offered to Mr. AINSWORTH'S peculiar genius than the story of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, in itself a romance, and from distance of time, and the mystery that hangs about it, permitting to the imagination of the novelist any amount of fiction which he might require for the purposes of his plot. Since Mrs. RADCLIFFE, there has not lived a writer who could give to the unnatural, the improbable, and the impossible, such an air of truth and such a show of probability as HARRISON AINSWORTH. He delights in the wonderful, because he excels in the use of it. That which in less artistic hands would disgust, is by him moulded into materials that excite the profoundest interest, and he always carries his reader with him and compels him to listen to the end, even while all the time the reason revolts against this captivity of the imagination. We know that such things are not, and cannot be, still we turn to listen, and even the soberest who analyses his emotions and endeavours to convince himself that he ought not to be so moved by a fable, can only reconcile his feelings with his judgment by the argument that “ghosts granted, and they would act, and things would come about just as Mr. AINSWORTH makes them.” In this lies the art of the romancer, and of that art Mr. AINSWORTH has attained the mastery.

In this tale of *Crichton* he luxuriates in mysteries and terrors, but so skillfully that they do not offend even fastidious readers, while they are peculiarly attractive to the patrons of the circulating libraries, the former finding ample to amuse them in the portions which depict the men and manners of the times, always care-

fully studied by Mr. AINSWORTH. Another great merit of his romances is their dramatic power. The dialogues are always terse and lively,—the talk of men and women is not mere declamation and reverie, like the conversations that occupy one-half of most of our fashionable novels. *Crichton* is, perhaps, the best specimen of this that he has yet produced, indeed, it is altogether his best work, as the public appear to have pronounced in the most emphatic manner by calling for the third edition, which has the further attraction of numerous clever engravings after the pencil of HABLLOT BROWNE.

*The Works of G. P. R. James, Esq. Revised and Corrected by the Author.* Vols. 18 and 19. London: Simpkin and Co.

THIS very handsome edition of the works of Mr. JAMES is proceeding steadily, successfully, and profitably. Already it numbers no less than nineteen large octavo volumes, closely printed, each containing an entire romance, a monument of industry which has no rival in modern times except in him from whom Mr. JAMES'S inspiration was caught—the great creator of the historical romance—Sir WALTER SCOTT. The eighteenth volume contains a novel that will probably be new to many of our readers, “*Thirty Years since, or the Ruined Family*,” which we are informed by the preface was originally published by the Author many years ago, and anonymously: but it was well received, and the whole of a large edition of it sold. Although at that time Mr. JAMES'S name was already famous, he chose to preserve the anonymous for no whim, but for a sufficient reason. His name was “up” as the writer of romances of a peculiar class, the historical, then much in vogue. He was unwilling to risk his rising reputation upon an experiment in a novel of a different class, and so he gave it to the world without his name. Its success, however, has induced him to claim this paternity, and certainly he has no reason to be ashamed of his offspring. It is a genuine novel, having a most interesting plot, and many characters drawn with a masterly hand.

The nineteenth volume contains the romance of *Arabella Stuart*, which was one of the most popular of Mr. JAMES'S productions, and which was published so lately as to be within the remembrance of all who indulge in the reading of works of fiction. It is one of those in which the author has especially exhibited his laborious research in the proper dressing and decorating of his accessories. The story is placed into a framework wonderfully true to the times in which it is cast: it is not so much a description as a revival of by-gone days. Hence there is knowledge as well as amusement to be obtained from a perusal of it.

*Coningsby; or, the New Generation.* By B. D'ISRAELI, M.P. 5th Edition. London: Colburn. 1849.

A CHEAP edition of a work which achieved a wider, if not a loftier fame than any other of the brilliant author's clever fictions. In the preface to it he states that its main purpose was “to vindicate the just claims of the Tory party to be the popular political confederation of the country,—a purpose,” he adds, “which he had, more or less, pursued from a very early period of life.” Query, was it when he was a member of the radical Westminster Club, and the radical candidate for High Wycombe,—or when? And what does he call an “early” period of his life? But if the reader will forget the absurd attempt to combine torism and democracy, an alliance which both parties will be equally eager to disown, *Coningsby* must be read with pleasure as a fiction, abounding in brilliant sketches of the men and manners of our time, and with some spice of personality, to give it piquancy, and its appearance in the present cheap form will introduce it to many to whom it has been as yet a stranger. It is prefaced with a portrait of the author as he *was* when a youth, not as he *is*,—faithful then, but bearing small remembrance to him now.

*Tales and Sketches.* By RODOLPH TOPFFER, Author of “*Rosa and Gertrude*,” &c. London: Simms & Co.

THIS is the latest addition to the *Parlour Library*; and it contains the miscellaneous works of TOPFFER; the short but deeply interesting tales, narratives and travelling sketches, which he contributed to various periodicals, and also the first part of that which was, perhaps, his most famous and certainly his most characteristic work

—his *Zig-zag Travels*. Under this quaint title, TOPFFER, who was a schoolmaster at Geneva, gave to the world, from time to time, a journal very pleasantly written of certain tours which he was wont to take on foot, attended by his pupils, through the most romantic parts of Switzerland, North Italy, and Piedmont. We trust that the universal interest which will be felt in so much of the narrative as is presented in this volume will induce the publishers of the *Parlour Library* to favour their readers with the remainder, as they hint that they are willing to do, if this specimen should be approved.

*Father Connell*. By the O'HARA Family. London : Simms and Co.

AN Irish story of profound interest by the best of the Irish novelists. It is a vivid sketch of the Irish character, its virtues and its faults, its strength and its weaknesses, and will help, by its exhibition of both, that regeneration which it is to be hoped, will grow out of the depth of the present depression. This is an addition just made to the excellent *Parlour Library*, the cheapest and best selected of all the enterprises of its class.

*Miss Bremer's Novels.—The H. Family*. Slater. 1849.

A VERY cheap edition in pocket volumes of the delightful novels of MISS BREMER, translated with considerable spirit and correctness. The series, when completed, will be very acceptable to all who admire the works of the Swedish novelist.

#### POETRY.

*The Temple. Sacred Poems, and Private Ejaculations, with the Priest to the Temple, or, the Country Parson.* By GEORGE HERBERT. London: Washbourne.

A FEW scattered poems by HERBERT, are to be found in almost all *Beauties of the Poets*, and will be remembered for the profound devotional spirit and the genuine piety that pervades them, so different from the cant and manifest affectation of godliness observable in many of the religious poets of more recent times.

GEORGE HERBERT was born on 3rd of April, 1593, and was fifth brother to the famous Lord HERBERT of Cheshire. He was educated at Westminster school, and was elected thence to Trinity college, Cambridge, about the year 1608. His college career was a distinguished one. In 1615 he became a fellow, and in 1619 he was elected public orator. In 1626 he was appointed prebendary of Leighton Bromswold, soon after which he married and received also the rectory of Bemerton. He lived a life of studious retirement, beloved by his parishioners, respected by his friends, and his name known to all the reading world by means of the beautiful little poems with the composition of which he amused and graced his leisure. These were collected under the title of *The Temple*. He published also a prose work, *The Priest to the Temple*, which was very popular.

A reprint, in a collected form, of the poetical and prose works of so sweet and pious a writer, cannot but be acceptable to the homes and hearths of the people even of this century, when manners have so changed, and the current of literary taste has taken so diverse a direction. But the writings of HERBERT are not of any one period, but of all times, because they are the breathings of the natural sentiments and emotions of a pure and virtuous mind. This volume, which is of a size for the pocket, appropriately enshrines them in binding, and the typography similar to that which the bibliophile loves to see in old books. A few specimens will show the reader the quality of HERBERT's composition.

The first poem in the volume, entitled the "Church Porch," is a wonderful stringing together in melodious verse of wholesome maxims, the fruits of the writer's reading and reflection. As thus:

By all means use sometimes to be alone.  
Salute thyself : see what thy soul doth wear.  
Dare to look in thy chest ; for 'tis thine own :  
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.  
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,  
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous : therefore give  
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.  
Never was scrapper brave man. Get to live ;  
Then live, and use it : else, it is not true  
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone  
Makes money not a contemptible stone.

Again

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak  
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.  
Think not thy fame at every twitch will break :  
By great deeds show, that thou canst little do ;  
And do them not : that shall thy wisdom be ;  
And change thy temperance into bravery.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high ;  
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be :  
Sink not in spirit : who aimeth at the sky  
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.  
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness  
Cures both a fever and letharginess.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,  
And when, and how the business may be done.  
Slackness breeds worms ; but the sure traveller,  
Though he alights sometimes, still goeth on.  
Active and stirring spirits live alone :  
Write on the others, Here lies such a one.

How quaint and characteristic is this on

#### CHURCH MUSIC.

Sweetest of sweets, I thank you : when displeasure  
Did through my body wound my mind,  
You took me thence ; and in your house of pleasure  
A dainty lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a body move,  
Rising and falling with your wings :  
We both together sweetly live and love,  
Yet say sometimes, God help poor kings.  
Comfort, I'll die ; for if you post from me,  
Sure I shall do so, and much more :  
But if I travel in your company,  
You know the way to heaven's door.

And how full of poetry the following:

#### VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;  
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave  
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,  
Thy root is ever in its grave,  
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
My music shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like season'd timber, never gives ;  
But though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.

We do not take the more familiar ones, but from those less known. Such is

#### PEACE.

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell ? I humbly crave,  
Let me once know.  
I sought thee in a secret cave,  
And ask'd, if Peace were there.  
A hollow wind did seem to answer, No :  
Go seek elsewhere.

I did ; and going did a rainbow note :  
Surely, thought I,  
This is the lace of Peace's coat :  
I will search out the matter.  
But while I look'd, the clouds immediately  
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy  
A gallant flower,  
The Crown Imperial : Sure, said I,  
Peace at the root must dwell.  
But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour  
What show'd so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man :  
Whom when for Peace  
I did demand, he thus began :  
There was a Prince of old  
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase  
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly lived ; yet sweetness did not save  
His life from foes.  
But after death out of his grave  
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :  
Which many wondering at, got some of those  
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse  
Through all the earth :  
For they that taste it do rehearse,  
That virtue lies therein ;  
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth  
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,  
And grows for you ;  
Make bread of it : and that repose  
And peace, which every where  
With so much earnestness you do pursue  
Is only there.

*The Priest to the Temple* is a beautiful description of the duties which devolve upon a country clergyman, by reason of his office. From this we take two short chapters which will sufficiently exhibit the peculiar manner of the author:

#### THE PARSON'S COURTESY.

The Country Parson owing a debt of charity to the poor, and of courtesy to his other parishioners, he so distinguisheth, that he keeps his money for the poor, and his table for those that are above aims. Not but that the poor are welcome also to his table ; whom he sometimes purposely takes home with him, setting them close by him, and carving for them, both for his own humility, and their comfort, who are much cheered with such friendliness. But since both are to be done, the better sort invited, and meaner relieved, he chooseth rather to give the poor money ; which they can better employ to their own advantage, and suitably to their needs, than so much given in meat at a dinner. Having then invited some of his parish, he taketh his times to do the like to the rest ; so that, in the compass of the year, he hath them all with him : because country people are very observant of such things ; and will not be persuaded but, being not invited, they are hated. Which persuasion the Parson by all means avoids : knowing that where there are such conceits, there is no room for his doctrine to enter. Yet doth he oftentimes invite those whom he sees take best courses ; that so both they may be encouraged to persevere, and others spurred to do well, that they may enjoy the like courtesy. For though he desire that all should live well and virtuously, not for any reward of his, but for virtue's sake ; yet that will not be so. And therefore as God, although we should love him only for his own sake, yet out of his infinite pity hath set forth heaven for a reward to draw men to piety ; and is content, if, at least so, they will become good : so the Country Parson, who is a diligent observer and tracker of God's ways, sets up as many encouragements to goodness as he can, both in honour, and profit, and fame ; that he may, if not the best way, yet any way, make his parish good.

#### THE PARSON IN MIRTH.

The Country Parson is generally sad, because he knows nothing but the cross of Christ ; his mind being defixed on it with those nails wherewith his Master was. Or, if he have any leisure to look off from thence, he meets continually with two most sad spectacles, Sin and Misery ; God dishonoured every day, and man afflicted. Nevertheless, he sometimes refresheth himself, as knowing that nature will not bear everlasting droopings, and that pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good : not only because all men slum the company of perpetual severity ; but also for that, when they are in company, instructions seasoned with pleasantness both enter sooner, and root deeper. Wherefore he condescends to human frailties, both in himself and others ; and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally, according to the pulse of the hearer.

#### RELIGION.

*The Temporal Benefits of Christianity exemplified in its influence on the Social, Intellectual, Civil and Political Condition of Mankind, from its first promulgation to the present day.* By ROBERT BLAKEY, Author of "The History of the Philosophy of Mind," &c. London : Longman & Co. 1849.

MR. BLAKEY has chosen a subject so large and so fruitful of topics that if he had been a book-maker he might with ease have filled half-a-dozen volumes, and yet have left it unexhausted. His aim has, however, been more humble, and is, therefore, likely to be more successful. He has chiefly sought to impress upon the young, and those who are not much given to habits of reflection, the value of Christianity viewed even as a merely temporal agent, in the extension of human happiness and the exaltation of the creature Man. And he has performed his task in no sectarian or dogmatical spirit. He has purposely avoided "all denominational feelings and prepossessions," and he addresses himself to all from the common ground on which they all meet as Christians, before they branch off into the paths that make them sectarians. "I have," he says, "invariably been desirous of doing justice to all parties. I have made a plain and simple appeal to all who believe in the inspiration of the Bible, and even to those who may not believe in it, in matters which come within



the common sense and daily observation of the humblest member of a Christian community."

It is truly observed that there prevails among Christians of all sects a sort of vague notion that the Bible is entirely a spiritual instrument; that it has little or no connexion with temporal or worldly objects. One of the purposes of this volume is to show the unsoundness of such an opinion, and to prove that Christianity has the most intimate connexion with our welfare in this life, and with the general prospects and progress of humanity.

Mr. BLAKEY begins with a review of the code of laws by which the Jews were governed, and which he describes more minutely and intelligibly than we have ever before seen. He next exhibits the revolutions wrought by Christianity, and its influence on the social, intellectual, and religious character of mankind; how it changed the current of philosophical thought; how political duties and obligations came to be received through the medium of scripture truth; how the establishment of the Christian Sabbath tended to promote religious sentiments; how from Christianity sprung the practice of endowing schools and colleges; what influence it had in softening the barbarities of warfare and subjecting to a species of law even this worst form of human passion and degradation; and how it taught men to feel an interest in the welfare of the poor whom they learned to look upon as brethren.

Another very important class of influences exercised by Christianity has been that which is seen in its effects upon human law and government. To Christianity is the world indebted for the abolition of slavery; in the institution of marriage, its effects have been of incalculable importance to the happiness of mankind and especially is it witnessed in the advancement of the general condition of the female sex from legal slavery to a practical equality, which has exalted the character of both sexes—for women are the mothers of men.

In the last part of his treatise Mr. BLAKEY reviews the political or general influence of Christianity—tracing it through the establishment of the Papacy, the Crusades, the social and political effects of the institution of Chivalry—the Protestant Reformation, and the English Revolution of 1630; and, lastly, he describes its effects as visible in the history of Social and Political Literature and Philosophy, in General Literature and the Philosophy of Human Nature.

Mr. BLAKEY writes with the vigorous ease of a full mind. He wastes no words. Every sentence is a thought. He has so much to say that he cannot afford to be prosy. Nevertheless there is no stiffness in his style, nothing dry or dogmatic in his manner. Addressing the young and the learned, as well as the man of books, he is careful to use only expressions intelligible to all, but they are ever apt to the purpose, and of that true eloquence which fixes the attention and impresses itself upon the memory. The volume is sure to become popular as soon as its merits are known, for it is precisely the sort of book that is wanted in every household—a book for Sunday reading, which never lapses into dullness, and the perusal of which nobody will feel to be a task. Children will turn to it with pleasure, and grown up persons will be loth to lay it down when they begin it. As a specimen of the style and treatment of the subject, we take one passage from the concluding observations:

#### THE BENEFITS OF THE BIBLE.

In the present state of society we see the influence of

Christian truth very imperfectly developed. We see, indeed, places of worship filled with the wealthy, the intelligent, and the fashionable; but we look in vain for the humble and industrious masses, who wander about the streets of our cities, or lie concealed in their private dwellings. To them this truth is but seen or set forth at a distance. They have no direct contact with it; and its salutary influences on their worldly condition and happiness are far removed from their immediate recognition. When, however, this state of things shall be removed, and all become familiar with the great truths of the Bible, then will its powerful aid on the practical applications of their daily life be strikingly manifested. It is only by this wide dissemination of religious sentiment among the masses of mankind the Christian church can fully realize its mission, and be placed on the firmest basis of security—the attachment and good-will of an enlightened and moral people. While the Bible is only opened and explained to the learned, the influential, the fashionable, the wealthy, and the bustling, we see but a small portion indeed of the benefit which it is calculated to bestow on the great family of mankind.

There is a prevailing opinion among many classes of the community, that the morality of the scriptures may safely be considered as more elevating and improving than any other we possess, but that the *speculative doctrines* are not matters with which a citizen of the world need to trouble himself. Now it may be worth while to remark here, that even on the score of doctrines alone, the Bible has a decidedly improving influence even on man's temporal affairs. They fill the mind with great and intrinsically valuable principles of thought; and they individually and severally correspond so admirably with all that is really practically beneficial in human life, that we are compelled to admit that they are fitted to exercise a happy influence on matters which may seem at first sight to be far beyond them. All the doctrines of Christianity, considered merely in the light of speculative topics, possess that dignity and vastness of comprehension, are so distinctly removed from anything approaching to absurdity and frivolity, and are so closely embodied with intellectual principles and mental conceptions of an elementary though important nature, that we at once recognize their salutary power, in giving strength and fixity to the intellects of men, and of enabling them to exercise their faculties on matters of the highest worldly interest. The mind of man must always have some speculative materials on which to exercise its powers; and nothing can be more admirably fitted for the purpose, nor display more aptness and harmony with his interests and happiness, than those topics which are usually classed under the denomination of the doctrines of Christianity. These bring all classes and conditions into close contact with truth—infinite, supreme, absolute and unconditional.

Christianity directs the mind of legislators to the mental and moral influences of public measures, as well as to the material and worldly. It shows that there is a palpable and vital distinction between the two. Legislative measures are not according to scripture rule, wise or beneficent, or conducive to human happiness, merely because they are passed by a majority of a state assembly, or because they are in logical harmony with some political theory or system of public policy. No; there is a higher standard to which all things in a Christian commonwealth are subjected, and to which a constant appeal is made in the minds of the people. This standard is scripture truth, justice, mercy, benevolence, and humanity. There is no legislative power in any civilized kingdom, at the present hour placed beyond the reach of this divine supervision and authority.

The whole political philosophy of the Bible is in strict conformity with the great law of nature; they run side by side with each other. The grand ends of government which human reason, unassisted by revelation, ever aimed at obtaining, were, generally speaking, personal liberty, personal security, private property, and public decorum. Now all these are derived by the elevated principles and moral declarations of holy writ. It pleads for them in every page, and throws around them a hallowed sacredness which the mere naked powers of our nature could not effect.

There are three great principles which animate communities of man—the love of ease, the desire for distinction, and the cravings for wealth. For all these,

which carry in themselves the seeds of numerous evils, the scriptures offer a regulating and governing principle, highly advantageous to the ends of social life. Christian principle, from the universality of its application, is never found inefficient or defective. It guides men in all their perplexities; it teaches them what is necessary and rational recreation, and what is sloth—what is lawless ambition, and what is "honourable and praiseworthy;" and it also teaches them where laudable industry ends and covetousness begins. All these, and hundreds of other niceties on which we are obliged to sit in judgment every day of our lives, are adjusted by its rectifying and infallible canons of right and wrong.

There is nothing on which to erect any rational system of education, or moral improvement among masses of people, apart from the Bible. There is a prevailing notion among some speculative people, that what is termed *general knowledge* is quite sufficient to make an intelligent citizen, and also to act as an efficient and conservative principle against national decline and corruption. If by general knowledge is meant the philosophy of the laws and properties of the material world, then I altogether differ from such an opinion. No information of this kind can make an intelligent, patriotic, and useful member of a commonwealth. Had all the peasants in the kingdom the physical science of a Newton or a La Place, it would not, *of itself*, be of any use to them. They must be placed under *moral* influences. They must be taught what relates to their own inward nature. They must be brought under a mental and spiritual regimen ere they can realize correct ideas of their position as citizens of a free and enlightened state. It is contrary to the established order of things, to expect national renovation and improvement purely from the extension of physical science. It is a great error to found a system of national education upon too slender a basis. Some parts of the superstructure must give way. Do we then contend that nothing should be taught but theology? By no means. We argue for no such absurd proposition. We simply mean that the Bible contains matters of vital importance to both individuals and nations, both in a spiritual and temporal point of view; and on this ground, it should form one of the primary elements of public instruction among all people. This is all for which we strenuously contend.

*Man Primeval; or the Constitution and Primitive Condition of the Human Being. A Contribution to Theological Science. By JOHN HARRIS, D.D. London: Ward and Co. 1849.*

THE curtain of the universe is withdrawn, and, midst revolving planets, a world luxuriant with vegetation, teeming with animal life, stands a being endowed with Godlike attributes made in the likeness of the Divinity. On the vast stage of creation, he alone can contemplate the Eternal; on the arena of life, he alone works out his destiny by his reasoning powers. The connecting link between mind and matter, he possesses a two-fold relation to the Infinite:—the one spiritual, the other material. With physical powers, "fearfully and wonderfully made," he is at once the most perfect of the animal race. Endowed with a mind capable of reasoning on his state, he is immeasurably raised above the brute creation. Through the medium of his senses, surrounding things are made palpable to the finer faculties of the soul. He contemplates with wonder and with awe; but, as the breeze disturbs the mirror-like stillness of the lake, so the emotions of the heart sweep across his spirit, and he feels for the first time the instincts of his nature. Yet more, he is sensible of a guiding conscience *within* his breast. Above him, he knows there is a ruling providence. He meditates and reflects on these phenomena of existence, and steps forth a reasonable and reasoning man,—equal to the fulfilment of his mission,—ready to complete the manifestation

of the Divinity. Such is the human being!! We would exclaim with SOUTHEY,

"Oh what a glorious animal were man,  
Knew he but his own powers, and knowing gave them  
Room for their growth and spread."

By an act of mental introversion, the mind contemplates itself. It sees the reflections of external things, and the evolutions of its own more subtle spirit. What a delightful study for the philosopher; what thoughts and suggestions throng upon the soul. With such contemplations for its subject, the work before us needs no apology for its introduction. "Man Primeval" is the somewhat singular title of a book, which is, as the first page informs us, "a contribution to Theological Science." The author has succeeded most ably in proving the intimate connexion between metaphysics and theology. We do not use the common phrase, and say "he has reconciled the two," for there is no occasion to reconcile, where no difference really exists. It is a false philosophy alone that is found at variance with revealed religion; for, as our author well observes in peaking of the divine origin of the Bible:

True, the narrative of the Adamic creation which follows that primary announcement, wears a peculiar form; the spirit is clothed in mortal vesture, but the divine image shines through, obscured though it may sometimes have been, by the false glasses of its friends, the transfiguring power of the indwelling truth, cannot be concealed. Science has had to recal her imputations on it, and to confess herself forestalled in her own department. Modern scepticism may be safely challenged even to imagine a more credible account of creation. As Science multiplies her ascertained results, new accordances with the biblical narrative come to light. The higher deductions of reason harmonize with it. Nor can the time be hopelessly distant, when, in the blended radiance of revelation and science, nothing shall be left for their mutual friends to deplore but the long want of that wise confiding patience, and that candid forbearance, which would have hastened their union, and have added to their lustre.

As an epitome of this, who does not remember the apophthegm of LOCKE? "The Bible has God for its author, truth unmingled with error for its subject-matter, and salvation for its end." In speaking of the language of scripture, Dr. HARRIS says,

And God said—not that there was any vocal utterance, where as yet there was no ear to hear (each of which would imply a corporeal structure)—*Let there be light—let there be a firmament—let the earth bring forth*—by which we are to understand that these effects were produced just as if such a fiat had been, in each instance, vocally uttered, and such a formula actually employed. The bare volitions of the Infinite Mind are deeds.

It is worthy of remark that LONGINUS the heathen philosopher, in his treatise on the sublime, instances the exordium in the first chapter of Genesis as the most exalted piece of writing to be found in any language.

The object and aim of the excellent work before us can scarcely be better exemplified than in the following extract:

In this new creature we behold a being capable of knowing that which is not himself; of breaking away from the chain of mere sensations received from this external economy, and in which he rather loses than finds himself; and in so looking in upon the phenomena of his own mind as to be made distinctly conscious of a threefold object or element of knowledge, and of himself as a distinct existence, of the finite creation to which he belongs, and from which he derives his sensations, and of the infinite nature of both, presupposed by their existence: still more, here is a person, a being influenced by motives determined by will, and having a high moral end of his own: a creature in whose mysterious constitution law and liberty—perfect law and conscious liberty—harmoniously co-exist; and whose voluntary power

renders him at once capable of loving, and a proper object of love. . . . He encloses within himself a whole system of moral government—laws, and judge, and prison, and instruments of torture, if he violate his own constitution—conscious improvement, and ever-increasing happiness, as the result of conformity to it.

In the spirit of true philosophy, the author goes on to investigate all the faculties and capabilities of man, traces his relations to things finite and things infinite, elevating the mind in its contemplations from earth to heaven. We subjoin an extract from the section where he treats of "Man emotional," though we are aware the subject is too extensive not to suffer from being separated from its context.

In the view which we have taken of man's mental constitution, we have found him endowed with the means of intellectually interpreting the divine manifestation; but how are these means to be put and kept in activity so as to secure their end? Polished and capacious as the mirror of his mind may be, and capable of reflecting every object and hue that passes before it, is it, like a mirror, to be stationary and passive while the universe revolves around it, and to reflect every object alike with cold and mirror-like indifference? For, if he is actively to employ his knowing faculties as means of knowledge, and if, as external and internal phenomena differ in their character and importance, he is to estimate them accordingly, he must be endowed with a corresponding variety of susceptibilities. In other words—if the various and complicated phenomena of matter and mind, with the existence of which man has the means of becoming acquainted, be to be studied and appreciated as means of divine manifestation, he must possess the susceptibility of being moved and affected by them in a manner answering both to their positive character and importance, and to the relation in which he stands to them.

He thus speaks of the effect of conscience and the well-being of man:

While the conscious and voluntary coincidence of the mind with the Divine will can make it familiar with heavenly pleasures, even while here on earth. As a being endowed with the power of conscience, he is happy in exact proportion as he yields to its enlightened dictates and becomes the object of moral approbation. And all this, just because every thing created which co-exists with him, has been called into existence and activity for the same end as himself. The laws of his being, therefore, so far from running counter to the laws, physical and moral, of the objective universe, must perfectly coincide with them. Both form parts of one great whole, and have their basis in the divine nature.

After having touched on all the various faculties and powers of our constitution, mental and physical, Dr. HARRIS thus treats the question of free will:

The question arises, then, were the conditions of man's well-being, as a dependant and accountable creature, fulfilled during his probationary state? was his free form a reality; was he apprised of the relation in which it placed him to God? And had he an opportunity of verifying both his freedom and his dependence? If these questions can be answered in the affirmative, man may expect that a new and distinct advance in the divine procedure is at hand. Now, as to the first condition—the reality of man's freedom, we have only to refer to our chapter on the will, or to appeal to our own consciousness. Our volition proves it. Temptation pre-supposes it. Everything around us invites us to assert it. Its existence is implied in our very conception of it.

Without entering argumentatively on the subject which ERASMUS and LUTHER discussed so vehemently centuries ago, we would try to reconcile the difficulty by saying with MILTON, such and such events were *fore-known* but not *fore-doomed*.

God form'd them free: and free they must remain,  
Till they enthrall themselves; He else must change  
Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordain'd  
Their freedom."

Having contemplated man in his various relations, as "the tenant of time, the heir of eternity," Dr. HARRIS, in conclusion, says,

Whatever mystery in angelic eyes, may have attended the fresh incursion of evil in the fall of man, doubtless their own experience taught them to expect that holiness would take occasion from it to clothe itself in new glories. That evil itself would ultimately be vanquished, and led in triumph through the universe, or that in either case the end would be attained in a manner still further illustrative of the all-sufficiency of the blessed God. But man must wait for the full solution; and well he may. Even as a physical being, he is momentarily enjoying the results of material laws and influences, which came into activity "a limited eternity" before he himself was called into existence; and which yet did not find their highest ends until he came. As an intellectual being, he finds himself the inhabitant of a material system, which is itself subject to secular perturbations—deviations of orbit which go on increasing for a course of ages before they attain their maximum, and begin to return. But if all such variations of the system are actually corrected by its own laws, may he not hope that provision is made for correcting the more fearful disorders of the moral economy? . . . . Man's nature, unlike that of any of the races which have preceded him, admits of a prolonged process of development, and from this point a new stage of his eventful history is to begin, and a new aspect of the divine character to be disclosed.

It is clearly evident, from one or two observations in the above extracts, such as "the races which have preceded him," and "a limited eternity before he himself was called into existence," that Dr. HARRIS agrees with the modern geologists in supposing that the six days of creation mean so many ages. This dispute about the *graduality* of creation, threatens in its violence to resemble that of the Nominalists and Realists. For the satisfaction of those who are opposed to the new views of the Mosaic chronology, we can assure them that this opinion of the author does not at all affect the metaphysical, or taint the moral, conclusions of the work.

In closing our notice of this admirable treatise, we feel that our limits have not enabled us to do justice, either to the subject or to the book itself. We conclude, therefore, by recommending it strongly to our readers. It will interest the philosopher, it must interest the Christian. The erudition which the learned author has brought to bear upon the subject forms in itself an epitome of most of the opinions of most of the celebrated metaphysicians, ancient as well as modern. Though a work of speculative character, we feel in every page that imagination has not usurped the place of reason. It is, in fact, perfectly logical in its expositions, without pedantic formality, and remarkably lucid in style;—which cannot always be said of works of so abstract a character. Among the many ephemeral publications of the day we doubt not this will obtain, for it deserves, something more than a passing notice. Indeed we are sure its appearance must be hailed with pleasure by all well-wishers to philosophy and religion.

#### EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

*Illustrated Atlas and Modern History of the World.*  
Edited by R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN. Parts 3 and 4. Tallis.

In noticing the last part of this valuable and useful publication, we fell into the error of supposing it to be an American work adapted to English wants. We hasten to correct the mistake. It is wholly produced in England; it is a bold speculation of the enterprising publishers; the maps are drawn and engraved by Mr. J. RAPKIN, from the best authorities, and the numerous illustrations are engraved by WALLIS, ALLEN, ROGERS,



and others, from drawings by WARREN, RAY, MARCHANT, &c. The novel plan of this work we have already minutely described. The present parts contain maps of the Western Hemisphere, Northern Italy, Denmark, and Southern Italy, coloured, and each bordered by engravings illustrating the natural history, inhabitants, and curiosities of the countries mapped.

*An Anglo-Saxon Delectus*, serving as a First Class Book to the Language. By the Rev. W. BARNES. London: J. R. Smith. 1849.

FROM the many books upon the subject that are yearly published it would appear that the Anglo-Saxon language and literature can boast of many enthusiastic students. It does, indeed, simply repay the toil of learning; and by those who are inclined to the enterprise, this *Delectus* will be found a great assistance.

#### MUSIC.

*A Friend in Need.* Music by G. J. O. ALLMANN.

*Lablache's Songs. No. 2. Beautiful Naples.* Arranged by G. J. O. ALLMANN.

*Mario's Songs. No. 2. Aurora, thy rays are beaming.* By the same.

THREE songs in continuation of the series we have already introduced to our readers. Mr. ALLMANN has very artistically adapted the favourite Italian airs to English verses and voices and the pianoforte.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales. A Sequel to the Nursery Rhymes of England.* By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq. London: J. R. Smith. 1849.

"HURRAH for Mr. HALLIWELL," will be the shout of all the nurseries on the announcement that he has printed another charming book for them. Here it is, stuffed full of pretty and pleasant things for the young, and curious, things for the grown-up, gathered with infinite research from old libraries and the memories of old people and the knowledge of nurses, and arranged under a variety of appropriate headings, as Nursery Antiquities, Fireside Nursery Stories, Game Rhymes, Alphabet Rhymes, Riddle Rhymes, Native Songs, Proverb Rhymes, Places and Families, Superstition Rhymes, Custom Rhymes, and Nursery Songs. Of such as have a meaning, or whose origin can be traced, full and interesting accounts are given, as we will endeavour to show by a few extracts, which will at least amuse our readers if they do not give them some knowledge they had not before.

The high antiquity of most of our popular rhymes is proved by the fact that they are current also in Sweden, and, indeed, wherever the Scandinavian race is found. Such is the case with "Stick, stick, beat Kitty," and "There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,"—whose petticoats were so cruelly cut short by the pedlar, and which is prevalent also in Norway. The riddle of "Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall" is current in every country in Europe.

Here is another scrap of antiquity:

Few children's rhymes are more common than those relating to Jack Sprat and his wife, "Jack Sprat could eat no fat," &c.; but it is little thought they have been current for two centuries. Such, however, is the fact, and when Howell published his collection of Proverbs in 1659, p. 20, the story related to no less exalted a personage than an archdeacon:

Archdeacon Pratt would eat no fat,  
His wife would eat no lean;  
'Twixt Archdeacon Pratt and Joan his wife,  
The meat was eat up clean.

On the same page of this collection we find the commencement of the rignarole, "A man of words and not of deeds," which in the next century was converted into a burlesque song on the battle of Culloden!

A verse precisely analogous to "Robert Barnes, fellow fine," is found in the nursery anthology of Berlin and in that of Sweden.

Among the Game Rhymes are several played with the fingers, and of which we have this curious reminiscence:

#### THE FIVE FINGERS.

I do not recollect to have seen anywhere noticed the

somewhat singular fact, that our ancestors had distinct names for each of the five fingers—the thumb being generally called a finger in old works. Yet such was the case; and it may not displease the reader to have these cognominations duly set forth in order, viz. *thumb, toucher, longman, leche-man, little-man*. This information is derived from a very curious MS. quoted in my Dictionary of Archaisms, p. 357; and the reasons for the names are thus set forth:—The first finger was called *toucher* because "therewith men touch i-wis;" the second finger *longman*, "for longest finger it is," (this, I beg to say, is intended for rhyme.) The third finger was called *leche-man*, because a leche or doctor tasted everything by means of it. This is very curious; though we find elsewhere another reason for this appellation, on account of the pulsation in it, which was at one time supposed to communicate directly with the heart. The other finger was, of course, called *littleman* because it was the least of all. It is rather curious that some of these names should have survived the wrecks of time, and be still preserved in a nursery-rhyme; yet such is the fact.

The Proverb Rhymes contain the following, which we do not remember to have seen before:

Gray's Inn for walks,  
Lincoln's Inn for a wall;  
The Inner-Temple for a garden,  
And the Middle for a hall.

This also is new to us,

They that wash on Monday  
Have a whole week to dry;  
They that wash on Tuesday  
Are not so much agye;  
They that wash on Wednesday  
May get their clothes clean;  
They that wash on Thursday  
Are not so much to mean;  
They that wash on Friday  
Wash for their need;  
But they that wash on Saturday  
Are clarty-paps indeed!

A North country version of these common proverbial lines, given by Mr. Denham, p. 16. *Clarty-paps* are dirty sluts.

Some of the rhymes relating to places and families are worth noting. Thus on

#### THE ELTON FAMILY.

The following lines are still remembered by the members of the Elton family:

*Upon Sir Abraham Elt being knighted and taking the name of Elton.*

In days of yore old Abraham Elt,  
When living, had nor sword nor belt;  
But now his son, Sir Abraham Elton,  
Being knighted, has both sword and belt on.  
MS. Harl. Brit. Mus. 7318, p. 206.

#### NOEL.

N. for a word of denance,  
E. with a figure of L. fiftie,  
Spelleth his name that never  
Will be thrifitie.

MS. Sloane 2497, of the sixteenth century.

#### COLLINGWOOD.

The Collingwoods have borne the name,  
Since in the bush the buck was ta'en;  
But when the bush shall hold the buck,  
Then welcome faith, and farewell luck.

Alluding to the Collingwood crest of a stag beneath an oak tree.

But the following is not only curious, but clever:

#### SHREWSBURY.

The inhabitants of Shropshire, and, it is said, especially Shrewsbury, have an unfortunate habit of misplacing the letter *h*. It is scarcely necessary to say that the failing is by no means peculiar to that county. I am unable to vouch for the antiquity of the following lines on the subject, but they have become proverbial and are therefore worth giving:

The petition of the letter *H*, to the inhabitants of Shrewsbury, greeting,—

Whereas I have by you been driven,  
From house, from home, from hope, from heaven,  
And plac'd by your most learn'd society,  
In exile, anguish, and anxiety,  
And used, without one just pretence,  
With arrogance and insolence;  
I here demand full restitution,  
And beg you'll mend your elocution.

To this was returned the following answer from the Shrewsburians:

Whereas we've rescued you, Ingrate,  
From handcuff, horror, and from hate,  
From hell, from horse-pond, and from halter,  
And consecrated you in altar;

And placed you, where you ne'er should be,  
In honour and in honesty;  
We deem your pray'r a rude intrusion,  
And will not mend our elocution.

The reader will not be displeased with a few of the

#### SUPERSTITION RHYMES.

A cure for a thorn:

Christ was of a virgin born,  
And he was pricked with a thorn,  
And it did neither bell nor swell,  
And I trust in Jesus this never will.

*Toothache.*—A very common one in the North of England, but I do not remember to have seen it in print.

Peter was sitting on a marble-stone,  
And Jesus passed by;  
Peter said, "my Lord, my God  
How my tooth doth ache!"  
Jesus said, "Peter art whole!  
And whoever keeps these words for my sake  
Shall never have the tooth-ache!"

Aubrey gives another charm for this complaint, copied out of one of Ashmole's manuscripts:

Mars, hurs, abursa, aburse;  
Jesu Christ, for Mary's sake,  
Take away this tooth-ache!

On going to bed:

Schoolboys have several kinds of divination-verses on going to bed, now repeated "more in mock than mark," but no doubt originating in serious belief—

Go to bed first,  
A golden purse;  
Go to bed second,  
A golden pheasant;  
Go to bed third,  
A golden bird.

The positions they occupy in the bed are suggestive of the following fortunes:

He that lies at the stock,  
Shall have the gold rock;  
He that lies at the wall,  
Shall have the gold ball;  
He that lies in the middle,  
Shall have the gold fiddle.

#### FINGER NAILS.

There is a superstition, says Forby, ii. 411, respecting cutting the nails, and some days are considered more lucky for this operation than others. To cut them on a Tuesday is thought particularly auspicious. Indeed, if we are to believe an old rhyming saw on this subject, every day of the week is endowed with its several and peculiar virtue, if the nails are invariably cut on that day and no other. The lines are as follow:

Cut them on Monday, you cut them for health;  
Cut them on Tuesday, you cut them for wealth;  
Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for news;  
Cut them on Thursday, a new pair of shoes;  
Cut them on Friday, you cut them for sorrow;  
Cut them on Saturday, see your true love to-morrow;  
Cut them on Sunday, the devil will be with you all the week.

#### DAYS OF BIRTH.

Monday's child is fair in face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace,  
Wednesday's child is full of woe,  
Thursday's child has far to go,  
Friday's child is loving and giving,  
Saturday's child works hard for his living;  
And a child that's born on Christmas day  
Is fair and wise, good and gay.

Mr. HALLIWELL needed not to apologize for having devoted so much time and pains to the collection of these trifles:—they are the earliest mental food of all of us, and who shall say how much they influence our manhood. Their universality is the best proof of their importance, and we thank him for having thus collected them for our children to enjoy, and for ourselves to philosophize upon.

*The National Cyclopaedia of Useful Knowledge.* Vol. 7. London: C. Knight. 1849.

THE present volume has more than half completed the whole of this truly national work which, it is now certain, will be contained in the twelve volumes originally announced as its limit, and when completed it will be the cheapest cyclopaedia in the world, and one of the best. It has been formed out of the more copious Penny Cyclopaedia by judicious abbreviations of the longer and more learned articles, and by additions of such new knowledge as the progress of discovery has since added to the stores of human intelligence. The typography is beautiful, and it is curiously adorned with illustrative wood-cuts. The volume closes with the word "*Ligustrum*."

*Beauties of Channing, with an Essay prefixed.* By WILLIAM MOUNTFORD. London: J. Chapman. 1849.

FEW modern authors afford such a field for extract as CHANNING. His eloquent essays will endure to be read in portions, for each division of the subject is complete in itself. To all who admire the works of one of the largest minded men of his age, this selection from them, made with excellent taste, will be very welcome.

#### THE SMALL FRY OF LITERATURE.

THE small books received since our last are few:—Mr. LAW has sent to us *A few brief Hints on Riding and Training Horses*, by Corporal Major ROBERT TURNER, Assistant Riding Master in the Horse Guards. The lessons of so experienced a teacher cannot but be valuable, because they are thoroughly practical, and they are given in clear and intelligible terms.—*Bishop Jebb, on Fashionable Amusements*, is a pamphlet republishing a chapter from the *Practical Theology* of that divine, denouncing balls and other amusements. Dr. JERN was of the ascetic class of religionists, those good people, who, as HOOD says, fancy themselves pious when they are only "bilious."—A pamphlet, entitled *Free Trade in Negroes*, is, we will not say an argument, but a declamation on behalf of the African Blockade—an attempt to induce the people of this country to continue to impoverish themselves for the purpose of making worse the condition of the captured slaves in Africa, and increasing the horror of the middle passage.—A Mr. T. B. PROCTOR has published an eloquent and earnest *Appeal for the Ragged Schools*, which enforces argument by citing instances of children who have been saved from perishing, body and soul, by means of these admirable institutions. The pamphlet ought to be extensively circulated.

#### ART.

*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.* By JOHN RUSKIN, Author of "Modern Painters." London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1849.

THE Germans have made a science of art, and given to it the name of *Æsthetics*. It differs from art itself in this,—that art, such as the art of painting, the art of poetry, the dramatic art, and so forth, includes both the object and the means by which it is attained—both the ideal and the real, the imagination and the mechanism; but the science of art is the result of investigation of the principles to which one thing owes its beauty and another thing its deformity, and why it is that we like the one and loath the other.

In England this science of *Æsthetics* has been hitherto little cultivated. Few books have treated of it, and none have done so satisfactorily. Perhaps it is owing to this, in a great measure, that the public mind in England is so deficient in taste,—is so capricious in its likes and dislikes—for, having no principles of taste, being unable to assign a reason for its judgments, and in fact having no solid foundation for its judgments, it is for the most part determined by the accident of what some newspapers or reviews chance to say upon the subject, and this is caught up and repeated by those who have not or dare not avow an opinion of their own, and thus is formed the aggregate of that which we call popular opinion.

But the English mind is manifestly improving in this respect. Taste is growing among us; more people have an opinion of their own, and can give reasons for it, and if Mr. RUSKIN, to whom we are indebted for the best book in our language upon pictorial art, will continue his useful exertions in the investigation and diffusion of the principles of other branches of art, improvement will advance with still more rapid strides, and there may be those among us now who will yet live to see the English a people of *taste* as well as of business.

Mr. RUSKIN's second contribution to the science of art, now before us, is devoted to the art of architecture. His purpose, as in his "Modern Painters," is not to teach artists how to work, but *what to do*, and to show to spectators of their works the eternal principles of beauty and fitness, and why it is that certain forms and hues are pleasing or displeasing. It is such a book as appears only once in a century; a book *unique* in our language; a book, which all who love art or desire to know it that they may love it, ought to study with attention, and refer to as a text-book, and therefore we shall not dismiss it with the summary notice to which a literary journal is usually compelled to restrict its record of new publications, but we propose to treat of it at some length, and to extend our review over several CRITICS; and sure we are that our readers will thank us for the intellectual treat to which we shall thus be enabled to invite them.

Mr. RUSKIN opens his introduction with a pithy saying of a great modern master, who, when asked how such effects were produced said, "Know what you have to do, and do it." This is the rule that should govern all artists in all branches of art. Take care that you have a distinct idea of your work before you begin it, and when begun finish it up to your *idea* whatever the labour or the difficulty.

This is essentially true of architecture, which Mr. RUSKIN defines as the art which so improves and adorns the edifices raised by man, for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them shall contribute to his *mental* health, power, and pleasure.

It is necessary at the outset to distinguish between architecture and building. Building is the mere erection of an edifice so as to fit it for its purpose, without any reference to its aspect, or to any pleasure given to the mind by the contemplation of it. But architecture adds to, and impresses upon building "certain characters venerable or beautiful, but otherwise unnecessary."

This is thus illustrated. "I suppose no one would call the laws architectural which determine the height of a breastwork, or the position of a bastion. But if to the stone facing of that bastion be added an unnecessary feature, as a cable moulding, that is architecture." And again, "Architecture concerns itself only with those characters of an edifice which are above and beyond its common use."

Architecture, thus defined, rationally arranges itself under five heads.

*Devotional*, including all buildings raised for God's service and honour.

*Memorial*, including both monuments and tombs.

*Civil*, including every edifice raised by nations or societies, for purposes of commerce, business, or pleasure.

*Military*, including all private and public architecture of defence.

*Domestic*, including every rank and kind of dwelling-place.

Mr. RUSKIN maintains that each of these classes of architecture requires to be verified by, or rather to emanate from, to embody and to make manifest or give utterance to, a spirit or emotion in the mind of the architect, and that this is the first necessary ingredient in the art.

In the first, or devotional class of buildings, the pervading spirit should be that which the title implies,—the spirit of devotion; and this the author treats under the appropriate title of *The Lamp of Sacrifice*, the first of the seven lamps of architecture.

The characteristic of this spirit of devotion is self-sacrifice, expressed in the offering of "precious things, simply because they are precious; not as being necessary to the building, but as an offering, surrendering and sacrifice of what is to ourselves desirable." And thus he defines

#### THE LAMP OF SACRIFICE.

Now, first, to define this lamp or spirit of sacrifice clearly. I have said that it prompts us to the offering of precious things, merely because they are precious, not because they are useful or necessary. It is a spirit, for instance, which, of two marbles equally beautiful, applicable, and durable, would choose the more costly because it was so, and of two kinds of decoration, equally effective, would choose the more elaborate because it was so, in order that it might, in the same compass, present more cost and more thought. It is therefore most unreasoning and enthusiastic, and perhaps best negatively defined, as the opposite of the prevalent feeling of modern times, which desires to produce the largest results at the least cost.

Of this feeling, then, there are two distinct forms: the first, the wish to exercise self-denial for the sake of self-discipline merely, a wish acted upon in the abandonment of things loved and desired, there being no direct call or purpose to be answered by so doing; and the second, the desire to honour or please some one else by the costliness of the sacrifice.

Eloquently does he, therefore, plead for the erection of glorious temples to the honour of the Divinity, not from any belief that they are pleasing to God as such, but because they are *expressions* of devotion in man and excite by the influence of sympathy and example the emotions they express. We cannot refrain from quoting a part of this.

I do not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple. There is seldom even so severe a choice to be made, seldom so much self-denial to be exercised. There are isolated cases, in which men's happiness and mental activity depend upon a certain degree of luxury in their houses; but then this is true luxury, felt and tested, and profited by. In the plurality of instances nothing of the kind is attempted, nor can be enjoyed; men's average resources cannot reach it; and that which they *can* reach, gives them no pleasure, and might be spared. It will be seen in the course of the following chapters, that I am no advocate for meanness of private habitation. I would fain introduce into it all magnificence, care, and beauty, where they are possible; but I would not have that useless expense in unnoticed fineries or formalities; cornicings of ceilings and graining of doors, and fringing of curtains, and thousands such; things which have become foolishly and apathetically habitual; things on whose common appliance hang whole trades, to which there never yet belonged the blessing of giving one ray of real pleasure, or becoming of the remotest or most contemptible use; things which cause half the expense of life, and destroy more than half its comfort, manliness, respectability, freshness, and facility.

This Spirit of Sacrifice enforces two great conditions. 1st, that we should in everything do our best. 2nd, that we should consider increase in apparent labour as an increase of beauty in the building.

We are none of us so good architects as to be able to work habitually beneath our strength; and yet there is not a building that I know of, lately raised, wherein it is not sufficiently evident that neither architect nor builder has done his best. It is the especial characteristic of modern work. All old work nearly has been hard work. It may be the hard work of children, of barbarians, of rustics, but it is always their utmost. Ours has as constantly the look of money's worth, of a stopping short wherever and whenever we can, of a lazy compliance with low conditions; never of a fair putting forth of our strength. Let us have done with this



kind of work at once; cast off every temptation to it; do not let us degrade ourselves voluntarily, and then matter and mourn over our short-comings; let us confess our poverty, or our parsimony, but not belie our human intellect. It is not even a question of how much we are to do, but of how it is to be done; it is not a question of doing more, but of doing better. Do not let us boss our roofs with wretched, half-work, blunt-edged rosettes; do not let us flank our gates with rigid imitations of mediæval statuary. Such things are mere insults to common sense; and only unfit us for feeling the nobility of their prototypes. We have so much, suppose, to be spent in decoration; let us go to the Flaxman of his time, whoever he may be, and bid him carve for us a single statute, frieze or capital, or as many as we can afford, compelling upon him the one condition, that they shall be the best he can do; place them where they will be of most value, and leave our other niches empty. No matter; better our works unfinished than all bad. It may be that we do not desire ornament of so high an order; choose, then, a less developed style, as also, if you will, rougher material; the law which we are enforcing requires only that what we pretend to do and to give, shall both be the best of their kind; choose, therefore, the Norman hatchet-work instead of the Flaxman frieze and statue, but let it be the best hatchet-work; and if you cannot afford marble use Caen stone, but from the best bed; and if not stone, brick, but the best brick; preferring always what is good of a lower order of work or material to what is bad of a higher, for this is not only the way to improve every kind of work, and to put every kind of material to better use; but it is more honest and unpretending, and is in harmony with other just, upright, and manly principles, whose range we shall have presently to take into consideration.

Therefore Mr. RUSKIN advocates ornament in architecture. He contends that there cannot be too much of it provided it be *good and appropriate*. And do not our own natural tastes so teach us? Who does not admire the florid Gothic, as it is barbarously termed? We will conclude for this week with the author's eloquent commentary on the rich remains of ornament that decorate the Cathedral at Rouen.

Yet in all this ornament there is not one cusp, one finial, that is useless; not a stroke of the chisel is in vain; the grace and luxuriance of it all are visible—sensible rather—even to the uninquiring eye; and all its minuteness does not diminish the majesty, while it increases the mystery of the noble and unbroken vault. It is not less the boast of some styles that they can bear ornament, than of others that they can do without it; but we do not often enough reflect that those very styles, of so haughty simplicity, owe part of their pleasurable contrast, and would be wearisome if universal. They are but the rests and monotones of the art; it is to its far-happier, far-higher, exaltation that we owe those fair fronts of variegated mosaic, charged with wild fancies and dark hosts of imagery, thicker and quainter than ever filled the depths of midsummer dream; those vaulted gates, trellised with close leaves; those window-labyrinths of twisted tracery and starry light; those misty masses of multitudinous pinnacle and diademed tower; the only witnesses, perhaps, that remain to us of the faith and fear of nations. All else for which the builders sacrificed has passed away; all their living interests and aims and achievements. We know not for what they laboured, and we see no evidence of their reward. Victory, wealth, authority, happiness—all have departed though bought by many a bitter sacrifice. But of them, and their life and their toil upon the earth, one reward, one evidence, is left to us in those grey heaps of deep-wrought stone. They have taken with them to the grave their powers, their honours, and their errors, but they have left us their adoration.

We have as yet reached only the twentieth page of this remarkable volume and we shall certainly return to it again and again.

*The Antiquarian Etching Club. Part I. Published by the Club. Le Blon, Wallbrook.*

This club holds out fair promise to do well in these times of archaeological pursuit. It has been formed by a

party of Antiquarians, who are desirous to preserve graphic records of the past, and snatch from the hands of destruction mementos of art which are daily falling by the inroads of time, or the more active, systematic, and reckless levelling which characterises the present age. There are few who cannot remember the existence of historical memorials, the sites of which, within a few years, have been obliterated by the railroad. Roman amphitheatres, castles, and even churches, have been levelled to accommodate the restless spirit of speculation, leaving a sad reflection that subsequent ages will probably hold us accountable for these delinquencies, and point to the present page of history, as one relating to a destructive race of people, deficient alike in the organ of veneration as of true taste. We have always endeavoured to encourage the efforts of societies having for their object the preservation of objects of antiquity, and hope that this club will meet with encouragement. The principles on which it is founded have the merit of novelty, subscribers to a small amount being sufficient to defray the whole expenses of the working members and these in their turn endeavouring to emulate each other. Many fair hands are aiding the society and practising at the same time a beautiful art. The subjects range over the wide field of antiquarian study and research, including architectural remains, castles, churches, tombs, brasses, seals, statues, and a host of subjects dear to the disciples of STOWE, CAMDEN, and the old Chroniclers. The first part of their work now before us, contains thirteen subjects, many of them not without spirit, although in some instances deficient in skill as works of art. The head of FRANCIS GROSE by a very young antiquary, has very fair promise for a first effort in the art, and is probably the best etching in the collection. The second part is announced with others in quick succession. We shall watch with interest the progress of the club.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

##### [SECOND NOTICE.]

In every department British art may boast its supremacy. Every successive visit to these rooms convinces us more and more that we are only unfashionable and not erring in the opinion we hold, and in *THE CRITIC* have dared to avow and maintain, that modern art is superior to ancient art, and that the British School is at the head of all modern schools, and the more we see both of ancient and modern pictures and the more we compare the exhibitions at home with the exhibitions abroad, the more do we feel confirmed in our heresy.

And so believing, we venture so to say, because *THE CRITIC* does not court popularity, but aims only at the discovery of the true and the beautiful in literature and art. It represents neither sect, party, nor clique. It is not a bookseller's hack, nor a publisher's speculation, nor written by hirelings. It is, as it was from the beginning, and will continue to be, the public organ through which a party of independent gentlemen express their honest judgments upon books, pictures, music, the drama, regardless of influences or interests, of which they are ignorant or careless, and it is addressed, not to the vulgar, low or high,—not to the many, for it does not profess to be *cheap*,—but to the educated, intelligent, and refined,—to the true aristocracy of Great Britain,—the gentlemen of England, who are the aristocracy of the world.

We proceed now to stroll leisurely through the rooms and notice such of the pictures as most attract our attention, and suggest some remarks, beginning with the first in the catalogue, the last (or large) room.

No. 8 is a picture by EGG, of considerable pretensions, the subject, *Henrietta Maria in distress, relieved by Cardinal de Retz*. But although the story is interesting in narrative, it is not effective in painting, because it cannot all be told by the picture. A Queen could not be made to look hungry without insulting romance, and yet it is not truthful to make her, as Mr. EGG has done, look merely sad. The composition, however, is clever, and the painting unexceptionable.

Just below it is a table of *Fruit*, by Mrs. HARRISON (No. 10), which GEORGE LANCE might envy.

But the eye is immediately attracted by an adjoining picture, one of C. STANFIELD's very finest works, and one of the best, if not the best, picture in the present exhibition, *Tilbury Fort—Wind against Tide* (No.

12), Clear as all his atmospheres are, and distinct as is every object, we can almost imagine we see the stiff wind beating back the waves, feathering their crests and beating off the spray from them as they roll in. You instinctively put your hand to your hat as you gaze upon this miracle of art.

Its neighbour (No. 13), by EDWIN LANDSEER, has been the subject, so report says, of a royal joke. It is called *The Desert*, and the object is simply a lion starved to death upon a barren, sandy waste,—yet his face is grim in death, while his bones, protruding through his skin and shrunken frame, show the extremity of his sufferings. The story runs, that when the first lady in the land visited the Academy at the private view, she smilingly asked if that was "The British Lion," alluding to the jokes which have been passed by the newspapers upon the Protectionists. However this may be, the idea must have suggested itself to almost every beholder.

It is somewhat remarkable too, that this dead lion is flanked on either sides by portraits of Guizot and Metternich, and on dit that to the royal jest this answer was made, "and no wonder, with GUIZOT on one side of him and METTERNICH on the other."

ELMORE has a clever picture on a curious subject: *Religious Controversy in the time of Louis XIV.*—the best historical picture in the gallery. It embodies a reminiscence of the times when an intending convert to the court religion was wont to invite a protestant clergyman to discuss knotty points of theology with a catholic priest, and then excuse his change by professing himself convinced by the latter. There is great expression in this picture. The story is admirably told. The calm, but resolute earnestness of the protestant, and the bitter, angry eagerness of the priest, while the man of rank complacently pretends to listen and understand, are depicted with great genius.

Not far from this is a small picture, low down, which will probably be overlooked, unless attention be directed to it. A *Landscape*, by W. ROMILLY (No. 27), and which approaches nearer to CLAUDE than anything we ever saw. It is a delicious cabinet picture, and although the artist's name is strange to us now, we cannot doubt that it will become familiar enough ere long. There is *genius* here.

We have already observed, more than once, that the cattle pieces of T. S. COOPER are quite equal to those of CUPP. *Clearing off at Sunset* (No. 37), is evidence of this.

G. HARDY has a sweet bit of domestic life, an *Interior of an English Cottage* (No. 39), a picture of humble peace and happiness, finished with Dutch minuteness.

Upon the whole, the portraits of this year, although more numerous than usual, have not pleased us. There are many good, but few of striking merit. Among the latter we must class (No. 48), a nameless boy, full of spirit and expression,—a valuable painting as well as portrait, by W. BOXALL.

In surveying this gallery the visitor should make a point of looking at the *small* pictures. Amid so many large ones to attract the eye, these are apt to be overlooked, although frequently they will be found full of merit. Such is the case with No. 58, a very small *Lane Scene, with Gypsy Camp*, by EMMA COWELL, a delicious bit of landscape, so carefully finished that it would bear inspection with a microscope.

T. F. DICKSEE is one of our most rising portrait painters. In truth to nature he is unsurpassed, and his finish is remarkable. No. 65, a *Portrait of a Lady*, exhibits his best characteristics. We are looking at flesh and blood and not at paint and canvass.

No. 67 is one of LEE's admirable *River Scenes*. The water leaping down the falls, eddying in the hollows, and rippling against the rocks that impede its current, makes a sound in our ears.

*Lear disinheriting Cordelia* (No. 72), is the next that arrests the eye. It is by HERBERT, but we must say that we like it less than any recent picture of his that we remember. It wants expression in part. LEAR's face is the only animated one, and that is in a state of galvanism.

A sunset view of the *Valley of Luchon—Pyrenees* (No. 79), by W. OLIVER, will repay a few minutes' inspection.

When TURNER is intelligible, he is inimitable. Here he is himself again, with a marvellous picture, *The Wreck Buoy* (No. 81). Seen at the proper distance, how full of poetry and natural truth is that vision of the sea; the blue waters,—the passing shower—the rainbow reflected—the distant ships looming through the sedding mist; the eye never wearied of dwelling upon its beauties, or the mind of wondering at the magical effects of a few dabs of paint, for that is what it appears when you close to it and look into it.

ERRY's best or at least his most pleasing work, is *The Crotchet Worker* (No. 84). The lady is less coarse than usual—more of a lady—and the pose is very effective.

WEBSTER is not a whit inferior to WILKIE. He stands confessedly at the head of the English school of comedy—the comedy of real life. He has two pictures here. One entitled *A See-saw* (No. 91), represents two boys at this play, while a third is looking on. The urchin who is at this moment at the exalted end of the plank, is holding on with all the strength of hands and knees, his face expressing the extremity of terror, while the boy at the other end is plainly enjoying his comrade's alarms, and willing to lengthen them by delaying to rise in his turn. Another boy looking on is laughing with all his mouth and eyes at Dick's agony and Tom's joke. The other is *The Slide* (No. 171), a party of boys sliding upon a frozen pond, in all the various attitudes, and with all the expressions, seen in that exercise. The first has tumbled, and a dozen others are tumbling over him, while on-lookers laugh at the common misery, and evidently are of opinion that the rogue who fell first did so on purpose,—and we suspect so too. There is a lurking consciousness in the curl of his lips.

A small but very carefully painted little picture by COPE is (No. 100), *Fireside Musings*, a girl sitting in deep thought in a solitary chamber. We can guess what she is thinking about.

J. SANT has a portrait of uncommon merit (No. 102), a boy seated on a sofa in a very natural and most unportrait-like attitude, as if the artist had sketched him unawares.

The eye will next wander to a girl who is surrounded by a number of fawns,—a small picture, but evidently by a master—so perfect is the composition, so beautifully grouped, and so life-like the graceful little animals that skip along. It is by EDWIN LANDSEER, and the subject *The Forester's Family*.

Although there is a great deal that is meritorious in the interval, we must reluctantly pass on to the next remarkable picture,—and a very excellent one it is, *The Syrens*, by W. E. FROST (No. 127), thoroughly original in conception, and perfect in execution. Three more graceful forms were never more gracefully grouped than are these sisters of the sea, the laughing eyes of one of them flashing upon you from the other side of the room. ERY is here not rivalled merely, but surpassed.

And next to it is a landscape which will well reward close inspection. It is a view *At Redhill, near Reigate* (No. 128), by G. B. POTTS, differing in style, but yet as truthful an abstract of nature as its neighbour, by CRESWICK, *A Glade in a Forest* (No. 131), so deliciously cool and green, and its shadows so dappled with intruding sunbeams.

There is a fine mingling of mothers' love and agony, and devotion and faith, in No. 132, *A Mother Praying to the Madonna for the recovery of her Sick Child*; the production of P. WILLIAMS full of promise in the highest walk of art.

MULREADY's picture, *Women Bathing* (No. 135), is so little like himself that we did not recognise the artist until we had looked at the catalogue. Perhaps it is for that reason that we like it least of all his works, although as a production of art it is exceedingly clever, painted with the perfection of minuteness, but the subject wants character for his genius to disport itself withal.

GRANT's portrait of *Sir F. Pollock, Lord Chief Baron* (No. 140), is like and yet unlike.

We are also disappointed with EASTLAKE as with MULREADY. His single picture, *Helena* (No. 144), is not quite worthy of him, although as a piece of workmanship perhaps faultless. But we look at pictures not as artists do, with an eye to their mechanism, but as the spectators for whom they are painted do, with an eye to their effects. Are they like nature? Do they tell a story? Is the story well told?

C. STANFIELD, who is richer here than in any exhibition of the last seven years, attracts the eye by his superb view of *Lugano* (No. 151), which breathes the very air of the Italian lakes.

And close to it, and losing nothing by the contrast, is a beautiful picture of *Rome, at Sunset* (No. 183) by E. W. COOKE. There are few pictures in the gallery of higher merit than this, whether in conception or in execution.

REDGRAVE appears to abandon entirely his old walk—domestic scenes—parlour pictures—and to devote himself to landscape, in which he has attained to a mastery in a style peculiarly his own. He makes diligent search after the greenest nooks in forest glades and dells and coppices, and transcribes them literally, in the true green of nature (not in artist's green, which is usually a sort of yellowish brown), and there

they invite the eye to repose upon their refreshing brightness until we are transported thither in fancy, and breathe the cool air of those natural arbours.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MOINE, the sculptor, an artist who had attained considerable distinction in his profession, has committed suicide. Pressed by numerous creditors for debts incurred by the suspension of occupation, and having passed some days without food, or the means of obtaining any, in a fit of delirium he put an end to his existence.—Mr. RICHARD EVANS has been sentenced to pay a fine of 25*l.* for an assault on the Secretary of the Royal Academy. The convicted is an artist, and committed the offence while in a passion, and when he was remonstrating with Mr. KNIGHT on a rejection of his picture from the Academy Exhibition; a rejection with which Mr. KNIGHT had, individually, no concern. The assault was a fierce one, the *amende* is certainly rather disproportionate.—Lord BROUGHAM has stated in the House of Lords, on the authority of M. MANZONI, the Italian *Charge d'Affaires* in this country, that no violence has been done to the works of art in Rome, either by the republicans of Italy, or in consequence of the change of government they have approved.—The Minister of the Interior has submitted to the King, in Brussels, a proposition for his government to undertake the publication of cheap prints for circulation among the humble classes. They are to comprise the historical events of the country, portraits of eminent persons, remarkable monuments and antiquities, as well as local views. A series will also be executed relative to the natural sciences, rural economy, the arts and sciences, the marine and commerce. The religious pictures of the great masters of the Flemish school will furnish a contingent; and no subject will be admitted but those of instructive tendency or a moral purpose—and drawn with correctness of form.

#### ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

##### THE ANCIENT GARDEN.

By MRS. LORAINÉ.

In the garden of the palace where the broken fountain plays,  
Where the old stone lions guard it like the ghosts of prouder days,  
Hangs a cold and dreary grandeur, darkly tinged all around,  
In the moonlight and the noonlight casting shadows on the ground.  
Carven marble are the lions, strangely life-like wierd and grim,  
Deep in shadow of the arches of the cedars rising dim—  
Darkly rise the vaulted cedars, like a long and gloomy aisle  
Down the mazy pillared temple of some ancient heathen pile.  
Silver larch and wintry lichen, intermingling, mix forlorn  
With the drooping pale acacia's sharp traditionary thorn;  
And the honeysuckle traileth her sweet clusters here and there,  
Like a maiden sorrow-laden, careless of her yellow hair.  
Scantly in the palace-garden looks the eye of sun or planet,  
And the tall grass growth boldly round the broken flags of granite;  
And the moss hath turned to blackness through the lion's sculptured jaws,  
But a gloom the garden knoweth sterner than neglect can cause.  
As some dreary legend chilled it, as a ghost were in the air,  
Mystic odours in the flowers large and lustrous hanging there,  
Something vague and sad pervading that upon the spirit weighs,  
And the water hath a blackness where the ruined fountain plays.  
Something in the ancient garden seemeth not the haunt of men,  
As some charm of doom were on it which may never pass again;  
And the breath for freedom craveth vainly from the leaden air,  
Though the reason strives against it yet the terror hangeth there.

All around is cold and stately with the state of other times,  
And the moaning of the echoes seems the voice of ancient crimes,  
And the shadows have a meaning crouching in a conscious fear,  
Guilt's instinct-absorbing presence hath dis-hallowed nature here.

'Tis not that the branching cedars make a twilight at the noon,  
And the green damps of the fountain chill the genial breath of June,  
Colder far the shiver clingeth, that we may not name or know,  
And the soul a darkness meeteth deeper than the cedars throw.

Here some mystery of terror darkling in the past remains,  
Vague and bodiless and nameless, o'er the ruined pride it reigns,  
And the ancient garden pineth, and the palace by its breath,  
Like a shower of stones hath fallen to the lonely vale beneath.

#### FRANCES.

(Fifteen years of age.)

By HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

Fair Princess!—youngest of some court in story  
Where Elinas and strange magic mix themselves  
In the wild fortunes of as wild a folk—  
Where could'st thou get that maiden-soberness;  
Mingling firstspringing blush of freshest youth  
With staid selfkeeping and a rosebud smile,  
But out that kingdom of collectedness  
Where simplest graces weave with aptest volve,  
Foresadowing swift mischiefs yet to come,  
Stretching in silken meshes to catch hearts.  
Most artful in thy artlessness—unarmed—  
Unused to the world's devious ways—yet fenced  
In thine own innocency, and best taught  
By nature, without ruse, thou scarcely think'st  
Without a fear that thou hast even thought!  
Grow in thy graces, Fanny, and thy meed  
Shall be rich pearls from ocean's pearliest cave.  
Be still ingenuous, and let thy blush  
As youthfully precede thy speech,—so win  
The greenest chaplets from Spring's earliest,  
And wear thy garlands with the youngest leaves.

#### THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.—A new five act play from the pen of Mr. WESTLAND MARSTON, has been announced for performance at the Haymarket Theatre. It is entitled *Strathmore*.—Mr. HENRY BETTY is playing in the provinces. Last week he was at Colchester, and sustained with great approbation the characters of *Hamlet*, *Richelieu*, *Edgar Ravenswood*, and *Petrucio*.—Mr. MAURICE POWER, son of the late comedian, made his first appearance last week before a Dublin audience. He is extremely young, and his want of masculine vigour necessarily prevents him from doing justice to his conceptions. It would be hardly fair to pronounce any opinion at present upon his histrionic talents.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The disappearance of JENNY LIND has in no way diminished the number of visitors, for not only does the old house maintain its ancient prestige as the Opera, and for so many years the great gathering place of the nobility and fashion of the nation, but Mr. LUMLEY has spared neither expense nor labour in preserving its title to its reputation. ALBONI supplies the place of the Swedish Nightingale, with a voice quite equal in tone, and with almost as much skill in the use of it, but wanting the vondrous histrionic powers of her rival. PARODI is bringing back pleasant memories of her second parent PASTA, in majestic movements, strong emotions vividly written on most expressive features, and a manner of singing simply chaste and pure, and which addresses itself to the natural ear more than to those who have been refined out of nature by modern musical education. Her *Semiramide* was a triumph. It was PASTA's great character, and this pupil proved herself worthy to succeed her teacher. She maintained the dignity of the Queen in attitude, and look, and tone: she was queenlike even in her guilt and her sorrow, and the mingled emotions were admirably expressed in her voice. ALBONI sustained the part of *Arsace*, for which she is peculiarly fitted. COLETTI as *Assur* was



grand and impressive, and LABLACHE was magnificent as *Oroe*. *La Gazza Ladra* has also been produced, ALBONI taking the part of *Ninetta*. Those who did not witness this performance will be surprised to learn that it was her most successful one. Usually she is not an actress: but here she represented with wonderful truth and pathos, the change from the happiness of the peasant girl, as she first beams on us in her innocence and mirth, to the misery into which she is afterwards plunged. LABLACHE, as the *Podesta*, was exuberant of fun sometimes, and full of passion at others, as the story required—a master-piece of expression; and to COLETTI, great applause was given for his very judicious and truthful impersonation of the old soldier. This opera has introduced to the English public, a *Mdlle. CASOLANI*, a *contralto* of unquestionable ability, and who promises to be an acquisition to the lyrical drama.

At the other Theatres there have been few novelties since our last report. Of *Covent Garden* and the *Lyceum* we can say nothing, because we know nothing. The proceedings at the others may be briefly described as follows:

**FRENCH PLAYS.**—Opera continues to reign here as elsewhere. The latest novelty in this realm of novelties, is BOISSELOT's comic opera, *Ne touchez pas à la Reine*, with SCRIBE's libretto. The story is founded on a law of Spain, which doomed to death any person who touched the Queen. A young gentleman (COUDERC) having saved the life of the Queen (*Mdlle. CHARLTON*), kissed her as she slept, and for that is condemned to die. But the Queen not only pardons him, but offers him her hand and crown. It is a lively opera, with some excellent music, and is admirably acted. We recommend our readers to see it if it be repeated.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—A new opera called *The Deserter*, has been successively produced here. It is an elegant work, founded on an interesting plot, which gives ample scope to the talents of the composer. The story is thus analysed by one of the morning papers: *Enrico* (Mr. WEISS), a young mountaineer-soldier, has been absent on his military duties for a year from his native village; he is expected home, and a hoax, in the shape of a surprise, is got up by some of his village friends, who dress out his betrothed, *Louisa* (*Mdlle. NAY*), in bridal habits, and, just as he approaches his home, a procession is formed, and the apparent bride and her bridegroom are observed by him to enter the church for the purpose of being married. *Giovannina* (*Miss POOLE*), a young village maiden, waylays the wanderer, and tells him that what he feared was true, and that his betrothed has wedded another. The absurd and cruel jest has the full effect which the truth would have produced, and the returned soldier rushes off into the mountains, in order to throw himself from a precipice, when he is arrested by a patrol of guards, and accused of desertion, which, being wearied of his life, he admits: he is taken back to the village, where consternation at the result of the stupid practical joke prevails amongst the peasants; he then learns too late the nature of the frolic, but he cannot undo his own self-accusation, and consequently is conveyed to prison to await the punishment for desertion, which is death. The second act is only the sequel to the incidents above detailed, consisting of an affecting scene in the military prison, and the preparations for shooting a deserter, a consummation which is happily averted by the exertions of *Louisa*, and the curtain falls on the happy and now to be united lovers. The opera contains some very pretty pieces of music which will become popular, especially *My Old Grand-dam*, by Miss POOLE, which was deliciously sung, and *Ah! Louisa, dear, adored one*, by Mr. WEISS. *Mdlle. NAY*, as the heroine, acted with great spirit and expression, and sung charmingly. It will have a run.

The HAYMARKET continues the *Sphinx*, with a comedy and one or two of its light amusing afterpieces. A play in five acts is announced as in preparation.

The ADELPHI is preserving crowded benches by the reputation of the extravaganza of *The Devil's Violin*.

The DIORAMA and the PANORAMA and the COLosseum should be placed upon every visitor's list at this holiday season.

#### METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

THOSE of our readers who have taken an interest in this great national enterprise will be pleased to hear that it has commenced its operations, and that the process and its result are giving unqualified satisfaction to its customers. Contracts have been already entered into for the supply of the sewage to 144 acres of land in Fulham, belonging to different proprietors, chiefly

market gardeners, and daily applications are being made by others for admission to the great advantages thus placed within their reach. It is expected that the owners of small pleasure gardens will find it both economical and beneficial to their flowers and fruits to erect a stand-pipe in connection with the company's mains, so that with the help of the hose they may obtain an abundant supply of water at all times without labour of carrying. We believe that the charge made by the company for such a supply to a small garden does not exceed 30s. per annum, being considerably less than the wages of men to carry water in the dry seasons, and much less than the charge for which they could procure it from a water company.

The profits of the company are now a matter of certainty. The supply of Fulham fields alone will pay the annual expenses, and yield a small profit; but the addition of another district will double their revenue without materially increasing their expenses, and then their profits must be eight or ten per cent. at least. But this extension cannot be effected until the whole of the shares are taken up, and hence the importance of those who desire to obtain its now certain advantages as an investment making immediate application for the remaining shares. The character and responsibility of the company may be judged by this, that the Earl of Ellesmere and Earl Howe are shareholders.

We invite the attention of our readers to the publications of the company, which are of extensive interest, and which may be procured at a trifling price through any country bookseller if ordered as in the advertisement.

#### NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

#### MR. VERNON.

OUR obituary records the death, in his 75th year, of Mr. Robert Vernon, a gentleman known, for many years past, in the world of art; and more recently to the public by his munificent gift to the nation of a collection of pictures—the works of modern English artists—which deserves to be highly estimated, not merely for the generosity which prompted the gift, and for the actual money value thus transferred from the possession of an individual to the public, but also for its intrinsic excellence, as supplying a deficiency left by the want of regularly organised patronage in this country. The "Vernon Gallery" may be regarded as a complete collection of the most characteristic works of the most talented of our native artists, and as a vindication of the national taste in a department of national production which, in the hurry of our commercial pursuits, we have been too ready to overlook; while our modesty, as a nation, has also led us to undervalue our excellence.

The life of Mr. Vernon presents but few features for the biographer. With his private and personal career, indeed, as he did not come before the public in any capacity challenging criticism, we have little to do. It is enough to know that Mr. Vernon, by a long course of activity and industry in the business to which he had applied himself—one which is at least honourable and interesting in a country which so much prides itself on its encouragement of the breed of horses—amassed an enormous fortune. It is the manner in which that fortune was disposed of that renders his character interesting to the public. He stood foremost among that large class of modern Englishmen who apply the profits of commerce to the uses of the mind; who use the wealth which they acquire by trade for the promotion of tastes which might seem the most opposite to the instinct of traders.

Mr. Vernon, by his integrity, his prudence, and his devotedness in business, realized a sufficient fortune to be able to expend in works of modern art at the very least 150,000*l*. He did not buy merely for the vanity of buying, but always had an eye to the interests of the artists. He laid it down as a rule always to buy from the painters themselves, and not from the dealers—thus securing to the former the full value of their works, and stimulating them by a higher and at the same time a more direct motive to exertion. In order to carry out his grand idea of forming a gallery which should at all times and in all countries represent British art, it was of course necessary, as any of the painters advanced in their profession, that Mr. Vernon should secure their better productions; consequently, from time to time, and at an immense sacrifice of money, he, what is called, "weeded" his collection, never parting

with any man's work whom he did not purpose (and for him to purpose was always to perform) commissioning to execute a more important subject in his improved style. In the national collection (that is, the Vernon Gallery part of it) there are few pictures purchased at sales, or in such like channels, but these are the productions of deceased artists.

The late Mr. Vernon's merit, however, was not confined to this more direct and public patronage of art and artists. He was a patron in the least ostentatious sense of the term. It was his pride and pleasure to discover talent and foster it. Many are the cases in which he has befriended the artist because he was the artist, and without any direct expectation of reaping the fruits of his well-timed benevolence. The reader will readily imagine the many instances in which a man of benevolent mind and almost princely fortune would be enabled to smooth the path of struggling talent, and encourage genius in its periods of depression. Nor was his unostentatious munificence confined to his favourite pursuit. He expended large sums in charity, public and private; and it was his pleasure to exercise that highest kind of charity which does not consist in the mere giving of money, but in the giving it under circumstances which make the gift of more value. Add to these virtues, that Mr. Vernon was a man of an enlarged mind, with a taste for the society of men of talent—that he was prodigal in hospitality, and firm in his friendships—that by the force of his talent and character he was enabled to surround himself with some of the most distinguished talent of the period during which he lived; and we think the reader will join with us in the regret that, although he died in the very fulness of years, such a man should have passed away from among us. It is a consolation to know that there are many such men left, and that the munificence of private individuals is the best answer to the common complaint in this country of the want of public patronage to art and artists.

#### MISS EDGEWORTH.

THE death of one who has done such solid services as Miss Edgeworth rendered to the cause of education and social morality cannot be recorded without a passing word of retrospective praise. Miss Edgeworth had long since ceased to take an active part in life, or in that world of literature of which she was once so bright an ornament. But she has taken her rank, and will keep it so long as youth have to be instructed in the elements of social morality. As a woman of singular intellectual acquirements she takes her place by the side of some of the most distinguished of her sex who have adorned the present era. Her novels and miscellaneous works, more especially her descriptions of Irish life—which are in the main as true now as they were some twenty years ago—will always retain for her a high place in the literature of her country. But the works in which she especially shone, and for which she will hereafter be remembered, were those delightful stories, written in so beautifully simple a style, down to the capacity of children, in which the child is made first to comprehend its part in the great drama of social life. Who that has read in early life her "Harry and Lucy," "Early Lessons," "Frank," "Harrington" and "Ormond," has forgotten the fine moral lessons these conveyed in such simple incidents and homely language and thoughts? But Miss Edgeworth's literary talent was not confined to this class of works. A mere list of her different writings shows her versatility. We give the mere names, without reference to the date of publication: "Belinda," "Castle Rackrent," "Early Lessons," "Fashionable Tales," and the "Modern Griselda," "Frank," "Garry Owen," "Harrington," "Harry and Lucy," "Helen," "Laurent le Paresseux," "Leonora," "Little Plays for young People," "Moral Tales," "Ormond," "Parent's Assistant," "Patronage and Comic Dramas," "Popular Tales," "Readings in Poetry," "Rosamond," "Tales," &c.

This list is enough to show that Miss Edgeworth was a "worker"—that she fairly performed her share of the duty allotted to us—the more honourable in her, because it was for the most part spontaneous service.

Miss Edgeworth was the daughter of Mr. Richd. Lovell Edgeworth, of Edgeworth's town. Her life presents no incidents. It was divided between literary composition and the performance of local duties. She was a woman of a very superior order—beloved by all who approached her, and respected, for her talents and accomplishments, by some of the first men of the age. Although what is commonly termed a "blue," she had none of the characteristics which have attracted to "learned ladies" the reproach of too much learning. She was most unaffected and agreeable in private intercourse, and, as in her books, never obtruded her knowledge and her opinions. In addition to the above-mentioned works,

we may mention that she contributed by far the most valuable portion to Mr. R. L. Edgeworth's "Treatise on Practical Education." Miss Edgeworth died on the 21st May, at Edgeworth's Town after a short illness.

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

#### GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

A CONTEMPORARY records, as a discouraging fact, that the students in the Universities of Germany have rapidly decreased during the past year. In 1847 they amounted to 22,327,—in 1848, to 17,089,—and now they number only 11,163. It is stated, that those of the Universities which still have the most students are—first, Munich, which has 1,732—then Berlin, which has 1,182.—The Stowe manuscripts have been bought by Lord Ashburnham, for the sum of 8,000*l*.—The French papers give the following account of a French traveller, and his new and daring project of travel:—"One of those great enterprises which raise a name to the rank of those of the Cooks and La Pérouses is on the eve of accomplishment, with the aid and under the protection of the government of France. A traveller who has already traversed Egypt, Syria, Abyssinia, Darfour and Cordovan—who has ascended the Nile as far as the first chain of the Mountains of the Moon—who has visited Tranquebar, the five provinces of Arabia and Irak-Arabia—who, as interpreter, has been attached to the mission which explored the ruins of Nineveh, and has also travelled in Persia, from Mascata to Ispahan, and visited the Cape of Good Hope and the Island of St. Helena—now proposes, in a first voyage, to traverse the whole portion of the African continent extending from Algiers to Senegal, passing through Timbuctoo; to gain, from Senegal, the Cape of Good Hope; and finally to return by cutting the great African Peninsula from north to south, that is to say, from the Cape of Good Hope to Algiers. The person who has conceived the idea of undertaking this fabulous journey, and to whom a residence of sixteen years amongst the Arabs (whose religion, customs, costume and manners he has adopted) offers a prospect of success not possessed by Clapperton, Mungo Park, Denham, or the brothers Lander, is a Col. Duclout, known in the East by the name of Hadji Abd-el-Hamid-Bey, which he assumed at the time of his pilgrimage to Mecca—a pilgrimage never before accomplished by any Frenchman. Impressed with the importance of a journey which may yield such great results—political, scientific, and commercial—the government has hastened to lend its support to the enterprise of M. Duclout; and the three Ministers of Public Instruction, Foreign Affairs, and Commerce, have concurred in its execution in a most efficacious manner. Hadji Abd-el-Hamid-Bey estimates the duration of his perilous expedition at from five to six years."—A tenth planet has been added to the interesting group between Mars and Jupiter. On the 12th of last month it was observed for the first time by Signor de Gaspari, at Naples; and Profs. Schumacher and Capocci have issued circulars from that observatory giving directions by which it may be readily found by astronomers.

### Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

#### DEATHS.

**CLAYPOLE.**—Late, in Philadelphia, David C. Claypole, one of the proprietors of the first daily newspaper in the United States, in the ninety-sixth year of his age. He is reputed to have been a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell. His paper was entitled the *Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser*, afterwards changed to that of *Dunlap & Claypole's Advertiser*, and is believed to have been established in 1776.

**COOPER.**—In New York, lately, Cooper, an American actor of considerable notoriety. He was, in youth, a student under Godwin, the novelist.

**EDGEWORTH.**—On the 21st ult., at Edgeworth's Town, county Longford, after a few hours illness, Maria Edgeworth, in the 83rd year of her age. (See "Necrology.")

**GARDNER.**—On the 11th of March, at Ceylon, Dr. George Gardner, a botanist and natural philosopher of growing repute, next to Griffith, the greatest loss that Indian Botany has sustained.

**KNOX.**—At Birmingham, on the 3rd ult., upon his journey to Limerick, of inflammation of the lungs, brought on by cold, the Hon. and Right Rev. Edmond Knox, D.D., Lord Bishop of Limerick, in the 77th year of his age. The deceased prelate was the youngest son of the late Viscount Northland, and uncle of the present Earl of Ranfurly.

**KOLLMANN.**—On the 14th ult., suddenly, at St. James's Palace, Miss Joanna S. Kollman, aged 66, for many years organist to the Royal German Chapel, St. James's Palace.

**RYSWYCK.**—A few weeks since, Mr. Van Ryswyck, a popular Flemish poet.

**STARRIE.**—On the 15th ult., in Downing College, Cambridge, Thomas Starkie, Esq., professor of Laws, aged 69. He was most publicly known as the author of "Starkie on Evidence."

**VERNON.**—On the 22nd ult., at his house in Pall Mall, Richard Vernon, Esq., the munificent patron of English Art. (See "Necrology.")

### BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

[Persons having either of the following to dispose of, are requested to send particulars, with lowest prices, to THE CRITIC Office, 29, Essex Street, Strand. No charge is made for insertion in this List.]

Fielding's Works. 10 vols. 1784. Vols 8 and 9.

Whitaker's History of Whalley. 4to or folio. 1818.

Vol. 2. Seneca. Edition 1672. Elzevir. The Book complete in 3 Vols. 8vo.

**ERRATUM.**—ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS. In line 4, verse 5, of *The Bright Sword*, inserted in our last number, for "stripe," read "strife."

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The Society will consist of persons holding shares of the nominal amount of 25*l*. each. But arrangements having

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